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RATIONAL AMUSEMENT.

Be cheerful and happy for life is but short;
Let us join in the dance and the song,
For nature decreed that rational sport
Should be enjoyed by the young and the strong.

'Tis pleasant to see the dear children at play,
And hear the sweet sound of their voice,
Merrily chanting their own simple lay,
As with frolicsome glee they rejoice.

The rays of the sun, so resplendant and bright,
Will enliven the sweet verdure so green;
The forest and meadow now decked out in white,
In their own native garb will be seen.

The steamboat and car will be hired for the day,
For those who will join in the throng;
The lads and the lassies will trip off so gay,
And the woods will resound with their song.

Why should we fret in the noontide of life—
Or the cares of this world make us sad?
'Tis better by far for both maiden and wife
To be cheerful while mirth's to be had.

Then let us forget the dull theme of the sage,
That would censure our peaceful resort;
The dullness of life can never assuage
Our thirst for sweet music and sport.

"4-11-44!"

OR,

THE LOTTERY OF LIFE IN A GREAT CITY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

[According to what we thought a liberal estimate, we increased our edition of last week on account of commencing this new story; but, it seems that the approval of our readers always goes ahead of our anticipations, and, as there is great probability that we may not now be able to supply the demand for last week's issue, we here offer a brief sketch of the leading points of interest in Mr. Vail's beautifully graphic and instructively exciting narrative, so far as the point now resumed. The first chapter opens with a spirited description of a winter's night in New York at the close of 1832. The cholera, during the previous summer, had almost desolated our city, but many families returned in the fall, and some semblance of business was resumed. Some families, living in affluence and splendor, in the fashionable neighborhood of the Battery and the Bowling Green, had remained without making more than their usual summer travel. Among these were the Fosters. Lemuel, the father, had become immensely rich by a life devoted to business; but, on the winter's evening our author has introduced us to, he was attacked by the dread epidemic. His physician, Dr. Parker Peps, considered that recovery was not likely, and announced that dissolution could not be more than a question of time. Harry Foster, the son, is, at the date of commencing this story, about twenty years of age. He is articled in business to his father, but all his ideas and surroundings prove him as most likely destined to scatter the wealth his father had amassed. On this very evening, the young hopeful was out on a sleigh ride, studying "life on the road" with some boon companions, and stopping at the Half-way House to "take an observation" and "grease the runners." Among Harry's friends are Charley Gilbert, Tony Clements, and such like "bloods" of those days. Middle-aged readers and old Knickerbockers can readily recognize the real names of the parties thus personified and described. While at the Half-way House, Harry and his friends get so merry as to make their lady friends the principal topic of conversation. Harry proposes a toast to his "ladye love" in such extravagant language as to cause general remark and require some explanation. Harry praises her beauty, and confesses that her virtue seems unassailable. This announcement is received with jeering laughter, and bets offered, an even hundred each, on winning the prize. Harry takes the bet with one of the party, and a ride home by way of the Bowery is proposed. While these scenes are going on, the death gripe of the cholera has become more certain upon Lemuel Foster; and Dr. Parker Peps, at a quarter before 10, announced that midnight was the extent of hope for his rich patient. The dying man kept continually inquiring for his son, and all the ingenuity of people accustomed to obsequious obedience was fully taxed to pacify fretful eagerness, whenever the patient's remaining strength enabled him to call for the absent Harry. The Doctor, of course, knows a thing or two about city life, and sends for Richard Bradshaw, a well-known detective, to hunt up the truant. Five hundred dollars is no object, if the detective can find Harry within two hours. Dick wants another hour, but undertakes the job anyhow, as there was no time for multiplying words. The detective secures the hack and team of Slim Jim (who may be recognized as another well-known character around New York), and the Widow Harvey's, in Reade street, is the first place where Dick makes inquiry for Harry Foster. The truant is not there, but Dick gets the Widow in a good humor, takes one of her whisky skins, and finds out that Harry had invited her daughter Sarah out that very afternoon. Putting that and that together, was quite enough for such an old campaigner as Dick. Slim Jim's team were next headed for the old Harlem road, and through the pitiless storm they are driven, Dick making sure of his man at the Half-Way House. It was one of those nights when even "the old set," such as Harry Arcularius, Will Waltermire, or Steve Dubois, would think twice before going out once on the "Old Boston Road." Going up on what is now commonly called Third Avenue, Slim Jim carefully kept a keen look out and his equipage on the crown of the road. The jingle of sleigh bells is soon heard, and Bradshaw's eagerness to watch every chance, causes him to hail the sleighing party. Voices are recognised, and Bradshaw stops the singing of a jolly old road song by informing Harry Foster of the condition of his father. The awe-struck youth is sobered by this intelligence, and he hastens with Bradshaw to the deathbed of Lemuel Foster. The dying father recognizes his darling son, articulates "Harry!" and expires. This leaves Harry the supposed possessor of his father's wealth. Mr. Vail's pen next takes us, on this same night, to another part of the city of New York, commonly called "the Hook," where we find a Widow Paine, who is soliloquizing about her "Susy." Mother and daughter appear to have been cast off by Lemuel Foster, and we are left to suppose that the Widow had been seduced by the millionaire in his younger days. Other portions of her rambling soliloquy also show that the old lady is somewhat of a dreamer on the "4-11-44" business. For her daughter's sake, the Widow Paine is led to put in for any chance. The social comparison between her Susy and Harry Foster seems to upset all the lone widow's philosophy. Her rambling and muttering, amid the storm, are interrupted by the arrival of Tan Keeder, one of those jolly good fellows who never require any better reward for a good action than the pleasure of doing it, although Tan was what the world sometimes calls "a prize fighter" in a tone of contempt. Tan has brought some good things in a basket for the widow, but she is more than ever tempted by her eagerness in the lottery business, (for her daughter's sake,) to almost ride a free horse to death by asking Tan for one more loan of money to be invested as previously. Tan stands her "confidence" once more. The old lady is also pacified with her own hopes, once more. Just then in comes her Susy, only seventeen, but for the previous three years "on the town" in the great city of New York. Susy brings the news of Lemuel Foster's death, as told to her by Dick Bradshaw. A storm of passion, from the old lady, reveals more dramatically the peculiar position of both mother and daughter, and thus we become prepared to trace the vivid characterization and startling events of the ensuing chapters.

Such was the introductory resume in our issue of the 26th April; but, the extraordinary interest created by this captivating story has again exceeded our expectations, and we now continue this preliminary epitome, for the benefit of such readers as may not have been able to procure the previous editions. The second chapter opens with a general review of the most noted lottery offices as they existed in New York about 1832-3. This generalization is artistically narrowed down to the particular example of Mr. Isaac Nosebaum's "exchange" establishment, in the vicinity of Cross and Orange streets. A cold December morning is selected for giving an exemplary picture of the conversation among the usual customers of Nosebaum's "policy crib." The group are all more or less "statesque," as the dramatists say. There is a stout nigger wench, full of dreams and hopes; a boss white-washer, Uncle Pete, with brush and pail, but not more than three cents in his pocket to "buck again" with; a Miss Jinny Jones, who wants two important chances, requiring twenty-two shillings to purchase, but also requiring Mr. Nosebaum to "trust" her mother for a quarter of an hour; a Misther Barney McQuade, who is full of repentance, and decidedly incredulous about any further faith in 4-11-44 business. From the general thread of the remarks made by these characters among the parties present in Nosebaum's office, we gather the fact that the Widow Paine's "once more" trial with Tan Keeder's money has been successful, she being the fortunate winner of the "big thing" then in Yates & McIntyre's lottery arrangements—namely, one hundred thousand dollars. Hoity, toity! so goes the game of life. The Widow Paine is now not so afraid of comparing the social position of her Susy with that of Lemuel Foster's son Harry. With a hundred thousand dollars, Susy might stand some chance for what goes by the name of respectability. However, the forty days of grace and the fifteen per cent commission, allowed by law to the agents, cause both a delay and discount to the actual receiver. All sorts of "advances" are offered by the shrewd brokers who know the circumstances, but Tan Keeder heads them all off with a thousand dollars of his own; and the Widow Paine, with Suzy, are once more placed in comfortable circumstances, such as they had been accustomed to before the hard-hearted Lemuel Foster sanctimoniously deserted them. The new wealth, however, brings *its* troubles. Susy is full of repinings and remorse about the sort of life bitter necessity had compelled her to lead. The old lady begins to find that the daughter has "a will of her own." Sausy letters and messages are sent to Susy from her recent companions, and one fellow, Saul Bludgeon, claims her as a "pal." In explaining the operations of the alley bludgeoners, our author gives a graphic description of the Water street of former times, as it existed from Fulton to Pike street, and which is not quite cleared away yet. In this state of Susy's affairs, Tan Keeder is again the "friend in need" for the daughter as well as the mother. Tan threatens to lick Saul Bludgeon, as an opportunity offers. About this time, Tan happens to make the acquaintance of a Yankee sailor, known as Bruin the Bear, the latter having conquered Tan in a rough and tumble, but behaved so gallantly that a great friendship sprung up between the two. Tan gets permission for Bruin the Bear to come ashore for a week, and stay at his house. While there, Tan proposes that he and Bruin should go and "shake up" Saul Bludgeon, Red-Head Bill, Dan Clark, and other Water street worthies, by way of making them "civil" to Susy Paine in future. Such a knight-errant as the Yankee tar was delighted with the business in hand, and the chapter ends with a decided war, carried on by the fists of Tan and Bruin, among the Water street institutions. To be relished properly, our author's narrative should be read in the original; but this sketch may serve to introduce the principal threads.]

CHAPTER III.

THE STARS ARE READ FOR BEAUTIFUL SARAH HARVEY.

The will of Lemuel Foster having been duly attested in court, and his son Harry proved the sole legatee, with the exception of a few nominal bequests to the old and well-tried servants of the paternal mansion, that fast youth, now freed from all restraint, began a career of pleasure that far outstripped his companions who had not been so liberally provided for by the goddess of fortune.

His tandem team of blooded coursers was the envy and admiration of many a titled sprig of nobility as they ambled along the fashionable thoroughfare of Broadway; and calculating mothers, who had daughters of a marriageable age, had ever a friendly smile and welcome for the young man who, at one-and-twenty, would own a fortune that towered over a million dollars. Added to all this, he was accomplished in those trifles that serve to ensnare a young and unsuspecting girl, such as singing a fashionable melody with proper air and taste, or thrumming a guitar, which in love affairs often prove most formidable rivals to real merit and positive worth. Since the death of his father, he had been a continual and welcome visitor at the saloon of the widow Harvey. So lavish was he of the funds he now had at command, coupled with the loan of a thousand dollars payable at an indefinite period that Mrs. Harvey needed to clear off the balance of a mortgage on the house in which she lived, that it made him the favorite both with mother and daughter of all the fast young men who visited the establishment; and though Sarah was seldom Harry was always made welcome. Mrs. Harvey loved her daughter with all a mother's tenderness, and the reader may wonder why she so fearlessly permitted her to associate with the most wealthy and handsome roue of the day. We can only answer that she was a worldly woman, as regarded the accumulation of gain, and it would not have been polite to affront Harry, who was the best patron of her house. Though possessed of a small store of learning herself, the profits she had made in business had not been spared when Sarah's welfare could be advanced, and able masters had taught her most of the accomplishments of the time. She sang and played admirably, and when her dainty feet tripped through the maizy dance, she was the envy of her own and the admiration of the sterner sex. She was the aptest of pupils to learn how men can be ensnared, and had learned to jilt and coquette with her admirers without ever allowing them to advance too far. Beneath the Argus eyes of her mother, a word towards her daughter that broke the strictest bounds of propriety was enough to bring the acquaintance to an end, and fast Tony Clements and fascinating Charley Gilbert had left the ring without the ghost of a chance of accomplishing their purpose—only too happy in being allowed to draw the amount of their wager held by the accommodating landlord on the Harlem road.

But Harry Foster was too old a hand to risk all his hopes of success by such a fatal mischance. The truth was, that he was really in love with the beautiful girl; and had he not dreaded the jeers and scoffs of his high connexions, he would have proposed to her as his wife. Had he done so, he would have displayed the true nobility of manhood that dares, in the cause of right, to live down the world, and he might have become a useful member of, and an ornament to society, strewing pearls and diamonds in his path, instead of toads and serpents as it was to be.

Resolved to possess her, he cared not what obstacles were in his path, or what portion of his father's patrimony he lavished, so that his object was obtained at last. His presents to mother and daughter were without stint, and of the most valuable kind. A diamond necklace sparkled on the snowy neck of the beautiful girl and rings of great price adorned her tapered fingers. The mother scarcely hoped that her daughter would ever become the wife of one whose position ranked as high as young Harry Foster's, although she had hinted that such a thing was not impossible to officer Bradshaw, on the night when he was searching the city to find and bring Harry to his dying father's bed; but while she let the game go on because it added to her store, she gave fair Sarah good instructions how to play her part. All this was well enough as long as Sarah had no heart to lose, but soon she learned the measure of young Harry's step; was also anxious when he tarried half an hour beyond the appointed time, and tears would spring up in her eyes whenever the unhappy thought occurred that never yet had he profferred the word of marriage to her ear. No woman playes the coquette with the man she really loves, and now that Harry's word was law, her mother knew no further how the plot went on. The promise that she would guard her virtue was the mother's hope, now that the thing had gone so far. The lovers both were tangled in the net, for Harry had forsworn the dice and cards, which made his needy friends oft wish that he had never fell in love with handsome Sarah Harvey.

The fruit was ripe, and the young roue resolved to cull it, though it blasted on his lips. It needed one confederate in the shameful plot, and there were many such who could be bought for gold. One day a notice in a daily paper caught his eye, the very thing to carry out his plans. The advertisement Harry Foster saw, and which he hoped would aid him in his plans, was of a gifted woman, who pretended to make known for trifling sums, the mysteries of the cabalistic art. The notice stated that she could do most wondrous things; in fact, that she, like sage Agrippa, was the owner of a magic glass, in which all persons who paid her the accustomed fee could view the one that fate decreed their partner for this life. Hundreds since have followed in her wake—seventh daughters, gifted Spanish ladies, and so on—fit workers from the shades to fill our brothels overfull; but then the thing was new, and took amazingly with the weaker sex. Young Harry Foster placed the paper in fair Sarah Harvey's way, and the advertisement he wished to meet her eye was marked. Since Blue Beard's time, the bane of woman has been fatal curiosity, and even while they laugh and mock at idle freaks, such as the sieve and shears, when over head and ears in love, they often test it on some mode akin, to know their future fate.

Sarah did not prove an exception to the general rule. The promise of the gifted woman, Esther Paine, worked on her mind; and she resolved, unknown to Harry or her mother, that she would visit her and learn the curious truth. She did not dream that he had been before her in the act, and she would only play a secondary part, for which the hag had been well paid; though she in his case would have done the work for love without a hope of gain. Though now possessed of wealth that few could boast, her daughter, Susan Paine, had forced her mother to take up the baneful trade, in order, as she said, that they might sow as they had reaped; and Harry Foster, when he visited the house, had been a welcome guest indeed. The daughter, though invisible, had from her secret hiding place well noticed every action and remark that he had made, and the aged sybil, haggard and white-haired, had cursed him even while she smiled and took his gold, for Lemuel Foster's sake.

When he had taken leave, the price of Sarah Harvey's virtue was arranged, and he had left his miniature with the gifted woman, as she styled herself, the usual trick and custom of all libertines even at the present time. That the maiden's history was well known to Madame Paine, when she applied to her to learn her future fate, 'tis needless to relate.

A neat and tidy servant girl ushered the lovely Sarah Harvey into the enchanted room, where the old hag with tricks and shows of mummery, pretended that she read the stars.

"Thou comest to me, sweet maiden fair, to learn thy future lot," said the old crone, even while she chuckled at the thought. "I had a daughter once as fair and virtuous as thou art now, and of Lemuel Foster adds another crime to his long list of evil deeds, said aloud, and I will truly tell thee what thou dost desire to learn in the future lot in life."

A blush flashed on the lovely maiden's cheek, and though she doubted in the hag's ability to read her fate, a tremor shook her frame that she could not conceal. "There," she said in pure and silvery tones; "there is my hand, and though I may not be a firm believer in thine art, I trust the fortune that thou wilt bequeath to me will be a kind one."

"The stars lie not, fair maiden, and all the powers of earth can never charm them from the mighty truths that they reveal. Thou hand, and bent down over it as if intent in reading the lines depicted there.

"It does not need a sybil to confirm that truth," said Sarah, while a deeper crimson bathed her lovely brow, "for I am young and—"

"And handsome, too," the sybil interrupted; "and on that account have never lacked admirers. The one who has your heart in keeping is both talented and rich, and courts you for his wife. I see it here as plainly as the noon day sun."

Fair Sarah started at the word wife, and half unconsciously she uttered—"He has never spoken of marriage yet."

"But will anon, young maiden, never fear. Perhaps his motive is to learn how much you love him, and may test that love before he bids thee name the wedding day. You love him, maiden, do you not?"

"Ay," responded Sarah; "better than life."

"And he loves thee as well, for so the lines upon thy hand depict, and one so beautiful and fair as thee need never fear thy lover will prove false. Are there more questions thou wouldst ask?"

"Yes, one thing more; 'tis said, good mother Paine, thou hast a magic mirror in which I may behold my future husband face to face."

"'Tis true, I own that costly gem. Wilt thou not fear to gaze therein?" inquired the hag, with a sharp, piercing glance, as if she fain would read the young girl's heart.

"I will not tremble if you show to me the features that I most desire to see."

"Firm in her own strength of mind," muttered the hag to herself; "such are the kind that easiest become the spoiler's prey; and if my prophecy is not a lie, she is the very one to drag him down—down—full as low as my sweet Susy dear;" and then she added aloud, "Come in this way—I keep a costly treasure hidden from the light of day."

And Sarah followed her into the adjoining room, that at the moment seemed to be shrowded in impenetrable darkness.

"Stand still," exclaimed the modern Witch of Endor, "while I get a light."

The hag returned in a brief space of time, bearing a lamp that gave sufficient light to display the hideous and grotesque appearance of the place. The walls were painted sombre black, and placed on pedestals equally apart, there grinned a human skull. It seemed as if the grave alone could lend sufficient aid to add to the old witch's dreadful charms, but Sarah did not tremble at fear. If there was a trick, she made her mind up that at least tue then, she stood in the enchanted spot a model for some future Marguerite of Burgundy or Fredrigonde.

"We call the dead to our assistance when we deal in magic art," exclaimed the hag; "but I can see that thou art brave and dost not fear the spell. It was thy own request that thou shouldst see thy future husband's face—behold it in the mirror there."

And then a strange thing met the young girl's wondering gaze. A shadow stole across the magic glass—quite vacant heretofore—picted to her view as true as if they were a master-piece of the limner's art."

"Until that moment she had been a doubter in the skill of Madam Paine, and she had braced herself against the minor tricks that fortune-tellers use to ply their evil trade; but this was something strange, mysterious; and while a shock ran through her frame, she gasped for breath and [illegible] should lose her life in the dread trial. Her schemes of vengeance then upon young Harry Foster would be all in vain, and mercy, she could hope for none if caught within the clutches of the law. In such a case she had no other resource than to call upon her handsome daughter Susan, the confederate in the game.

And Susy, dear, had been the Mephistophiles that aided Madame Paine, the gifted woman, in her magic tricks. Her's was the hand that through a secret trap had placed the miniature of Harry Foster true to time, behind the wondrous glass. Hers was the spirit, breathing toads and serpents for the whole wide world, that sought to lure a brother on to ruin—to consign an innocent and virtuous girl to misery and woe, down, aye, forever down.

While Sarah Harvey still remained unconscious, she came in the room. Much of her former beauty had returned. Her dress Diana might have worn, for she had been as chaste as her since fortune had raised her from the slough of shame. Mrs. Paine was bending o'er the one to whom she had displayed her skill, and wrung her hands at the mischance she feared would bring her calling to a sudden close. There was a light tap on her shoulder, and when she looked around she saw her daughter wearing that forbidding air that made her quake: the air she wore as when she was upon the town, and bluff Tan Keeder was their only friend.

"Oh! Susy, deary, this is such a dreadful thing. What if the girl should die?"

"Don't be a fool, mother," said her daughter with a sneer—the while her dark eyes seemed to shoot forth sparks of fire. "The faint is square enough, but wasn't I upon that lay a hundred times myself since you first sold me to—"

"For God's sake, Susy, dear—"

"Well, I'll dry up, if you'll play the fool no longer. The girl is well enough. Give her a dose of hartshorn; that will fetch her to. That was the trick that Bill and I played on the flats when we were on the panel game. We drugged 'em first, and when we took the trick, the hartshorn brought them to. The maze is set, get her away, and play no more mummeries to-day. See, she revives; I must prepare to meet my music teacher in half an hour—the dancing-master follows—ha! ha! I am improving at a rapid rate, and soon I think I shall be able to go out in good society;" and with a deadly glare upon poor Sarah Harvey, and her finger on her lip by way of warning, Susan darted from the enchanted room.

The gifted woman did not need the drug, for Sarah's natural strength of constitution quickly brought her to herself again, but her philosophy could not account for that which she had seen, and shuddering at the presence of the wrinkled hag, she quickly paid the fee required, and left the house; the while she firmly and implicitly believed that she was to be the wife of him she loved the best on earth—the wealthy Harry Foster.

She drew her veil down as she left the door, for Madam Paine dwelt in a neighborhood that people called respectable, and Sarah did not care that any one at any future time might recognize her as a fortune-teller's dupe; but in spite of her precaution there was one man opposite who saw and knew her well—the servant of the public—the police officer, Dick Bradshaw.

His commission at that moment was to take the number of the gifted woman, Madame Paine, for future reference; but detective as he was, he scarcely had expected, 'till convinced by his own sense of sight, that lovely Sarah Harvey had been there to have her fortune told. He knew the mother well, honest, but worldly in her hope of gain, and thought by timely caution he might save the child. Scarcely had she left the door before his mind was made up on the point, and he was by her side.

"Good afternoon, Miss Harvey."

"Sir—that is—oh, Mister Bradshaw."

"At your service, Miss Harvey. I was on my duty in this ward, and recognized you as I passed, and I am going your way now, and wish to see your mother on some business. May I have the pleasure of attending you, as I am disengaged from duty at the present time."

Sarah had no response to make to such an offer from the gallant officer, except "with pleasure, sir," for she knew well that he was a friend and patron of her mother's house; and Richard Bradshaw, versatile on every point, as any police officer should be, gave not a single hint of what he thought or knew, but played the true knight-errant well. He made his mind up how to teach the bird to shun the fowler's snare; and then, if lost, his conscience never could reproach him that he had left a deed undone to save the pure and lovely girl from the seducer's toils.

It was quite late in the afternoon when they arrived at the widow Harvey's; and Sarah, after explaining to her mother that she had been to make a visit to a female friend, invited Mr. Bradshaw, as a favorite guest, up to the little parlor—the private sanctuary of the choice visitors of the saloon. Bradshaw always had been welcome at her mother's house, and Mrs. Harvey knew his character so well she did not fear to trust her daughter in his charge, feeling that his advice and counsel would be to her benefit. Her customers were continually dropping in, and while she tended to the duties of the bar, he talked to Sarah like a true and well-tried friend. His ready tact soon led the fair girl on to tell why she had made a visit to the gifted woman, Madame Paine, and he imagined truly who had thrown the Sybil's advertisement in her way.

"I am accustomed," he began, "to deal quite frankly with the persons whom I seek to serve; and Sarah, as I knew your father well, and loved him as a friend, I will be frank with Robert Harvey's child. Sarah, you must beware of Harry Foster; he only courts you for your ruin."

"This is an insult that I cannot, will not brook," said Sarah, rising, and about to leave the room.

"Stay," said the officer, "and hear me out, I would not hurt your feelings for the world; but in your case, with no protector but a widowed mother, and possessed of beauty such as few can boast, I should not prove myself a man or deem myself as worthy of the proud position I hold, unless I warned you of the ultimate result should you persist in favoring Harry Foster's suit."

"Sir—Mister Bradshaw—I know you are my mother's friend, but I cannot stay to hear the base insinuations that you make against the man I dearly love. Please, as you regard my feelings, change the subject, or I must retire."

"Listen, mad girl; you would not dally with a serpent till it struck the deadly blow. I am your elder nigh a score of years, and must speak plainer now. Know you, that on the night his father died, he made a wager with some boon companions that he would triumph over your virtue in the space of three short months—two are already gone, and you are safe; but if you visit fortune teller's dens, and listen to the lying prophecies they reveal, you will not pass so scatheless through the third. Know Sarah, Harry Foster did precede you at the house of Madame Paine, and told her all the jargon that she was to say to you. The plot for your destruction is as clear to me as glass."

"Mister Bradshaw, can it be possible that what you say is true?"

"'Tis true as heaven. It is my business as a guardian of the public welfare to find out crime wherever it exists, and shield the innocent and pure from wrong."

"Then," exclaimed Sarah, vehemently, while the tears coursed down her cheeks, "I'll cast him to the winds, although my heart should break in doing so. I never dreamed before that Harry Foster could be half so base, but though I hitherto have been his dupe, I trust, dear Mister Bradshaw, you will keep it from my mother's knowledge. I will fortify myself to treat him with such cool indifference when next we meet, that he will learn my mother's daughter, in spite of all his wealth and high degree, can prove an equal match for him who dared to wager he——. I cannot speak the word aloud, but you know what I mean."

"I do," exclaimed the officer, who noticed well the agony the maiden's heaving breast displayed, "but calm yourself. Now that you know the worst, there is no future cause for fear. As Sarah Harvey's friend, I can congratulate myself that I have stripped the viper of his fangs."

"Shall I return his presents? At your bidding, I will do so 'ere the sun goes down. Advise me as you think the best. Hereafter, Mister Bradshaw, all my trust and confidence I place in you."

"No, not for the present," said the officer, after musing for a moment, as if he held communion with himself; "there are some reasons why you should retain the trinkets he has given you from time to time, and now that you are on your guard, will you for a season strive to play on him as he has played on you?"

"I loathe him now as much as once I loved, and will do anything that you require."

"You have discretion far beyond your years. The fortune-teller will make known to him your visit there, and tell him all you have said and done. Smile on him still, as though you was not made aware he was the hag's confederate in the dark. The task may prove an irksome one, but I will bring it shortly to a close, and you will secure the ends of justice. You must be guarded in your intercourse with him, for I am satisfied that he will never stop at any means that will promote his ends. The reason why I have arranged this, I will let you in the secret of, when he has run his length; but now 'tis growing late, and I must say good night. Keep up your heart, and dry your pretty eyes (forgive the compliment, for you deserve it Sarah), and while you seem to favor Harry Foster's suit—"

She interrupted him with—"Do not fear me, Mister Bradshaw, all the world shall never tempt me to do wrong."

The officer glanced at her gloriously handsome face, beaming with virtue, innocence, and truth, and left the room quite satisfied that Sarah Harvey would remain impregnable to Harry Foster's wiles.

As he descended the stairs, he heard an animated conversation going on, the purport of which was concerning a dreadful murder that had taken place that day—the victim being no other than a well to do and prosperous Wall street broker. As he made his appearance in the bar, he found some half a dozen persons present, and the widow Harvey doing quite a rush of trade while they discussed the subject *pro* and *con*, and how the fearful deed was done. There was none of the assemblage there where people are continually waiting to find out the devil New York city's coming to, if things keep going on at such a rate.

"Sodom and Gomorrah, I suppose," responded a soggy individual whose white cravat and waistcoat, linked with a fob chain fastened to a massive seal, proclaimed him a man of means. "When a person's throat is cut from ear to ear, in his own office, at the hour of noon, and no police are near to stop such pleasant jobs, damn me if I don't think its best to emigrate to Africa or some where else. How much reward is offered for the murderer? I hope they'll set it up as steep as possible."

"Five hundred dollars," said a seedy individual in reply, whose vocation was a third rate actor when in an engagement, but as Shakespeare says, "He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who robs——"

"Robs! Ay, to be sure, and murders cool as winking—five hundred devils—it's not half enough. His clerk, who had just gone out a moment previous, to the bank, (as I have been informed) says that the villain must have robbed the place of nearly seven thousand dollars."

"Might I inquire," said a little one-eyed man, indulging in a modest glass of rum and sugar, "is it known if he had any enemies?"

"You may," said the stout man, with some asperity, "and keep on inquiring till the crack of doom; but such a question will not mend the matter. Everybody's got their enemies; I've got mine, and if, on that account, I run the chance of being murdered twenty times a day, why, as I said before, I'd rather like to emigrate."

"Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind," exclaimed the actor, in a dramatic tone, who never missed an opportunity to lug in his favorite quotations of the immortal bard.

"Damn it, Mister Bellamy, this is no time for joking," said the other, somewhat nettled, "the work in hand is for the police to find out the rascal, and then to string him up as soon as possible."

At this retort, the landlady and the officer, who had taken no part in the conversation, exchanged a meaning glance.

"Has any one yet been arrested on suspicion?" inquired Bradshaw, deferentially.

"Yes, on the opinion of the clerk, (a very nice and business-like young man) a ragged fellow who came in the day before and begged for God's sake for a quarter, or something of that sort, and told a shilly shally story all about a starving wife and child. Such nonsense won't go down with business folks in business hours, you know, and they soon turned the villain out; but now the clerk well recollects he eyed the money eagerly, and looked as if he meant to come some night and crack the safe. They found a jack-knife on his person when he was arrested in a cellar down in Ferry street, and that's suspicious, if I know what's what. They ought to hang such vagabonds upon suspicion, and when we have a new police 'twill come to pass, just mark my word."

"Quite likely," said Bradshaw, dryly; "was his story true about his wife and child?"

"Oh, there was a woman and a young one, sure enough, but that's the game these fellows play—they go round robbing honest men, and plead up poverty or some such tale, when they don't find a chance; and when you trace them to their dens, you won't find anything there; they know a trick worth two of that. But on this occasion I must say the officer that took Bill Wiggins (that's the fellow's name, or alias) done his duty promptly. The woman was sent to the alms house with her squalling brat, and he is safely under lock and key."

"Of course he denied the charge," exclaimed the little man, who was profoundly impressed with the orator's wisdom.

"Certainly; said he was honest, and had done no harm but beg, and would not have done so had he not been out of work and starving; but the jack-knife and the clerk's opinion of the man while loitering about the premises—there's the rub—and I'm inclined to think that Wiggins, or whatever else his name may be, will have a job to prove that he is innocent. But I must travel home, as it is growing late," and the speaker, ostentatiously displaying his gold time piece, bustled from the house.

"Blow me tight if Alderman Puffy isn't a smart man," said his former admirer, as that gentleman vanished from the scene.

"Very," exclaimed Bradshaw with a quizzical air.

"Can see through a brick wall as far as any one I know, and if ever he runs for office again, he gets my vote; that's true as preaching."

The dilapidated actor began another of his Shakespearean quotations, that Bradshaw did not care to listen to, and, nodding to the widow Harvey, and bidding the company good night, he also took his leave.

As he reached the sidewalk, he considered for a moment as if uncertain which way to steer, but finally concluded to wend his way towards the Bowery, his ultimate destination being the Hook, having an idea that in that vicinity he might pick up some clue that would lead to the discovery of the murderer.

"The bird, whoever he may be, has not flown the city yet," he muttered to himself, "and I have been informed by Justice Marmuttered to himself, "and I have been informed by Justice Marshall that every avenue is closed against his flight, unless he shall plays his points uncommon sharp; what that shallow-pated fool just said amounts to moonshine, nothing more. Dick Bradshaw, Dick, my boy, have all your wits about you now, for at this time I find you'll have to play your biggest card. There's cut-throat Billy might have done the deed; but no, that cannot be; he never had the nerve to try a game like that. Rattlesnake

Jack, and Bludgeon Bill, in desperate luck, might go in for the chance. Well, boys, I'll have a talk with all of you, and I can take my pick." TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. B., Boston.—A match was proposed between Joshua Ward, the champion sculler of American waters, and Robert Chambers, champion of the Thames, London; and it had progressed so far as the depositing of a large stake by Ward as an earnest of his intention. Chambers never deposited a dollar, and after holding Ward's money several weeks, the stakeholder at length returned it to the American champion; Chambers through his representative here, concluding not to make the match. Ward agreed to give Chambers $500 to come to this country to row, but Chambers, after signifying his intention to come, declined the match altogether, and as the rebellion soon after broke out, nothing has since been said about an international sculling match.

PICK, Springfield.—Meerschaum, (or sea foam,) out of which so many pipes are made, is a kind of clay consisting of a hydrate of magnesia, combined with silex. It is found in beds in various parts of Europe, but more particularly in Natolia. When first taken out it is very soft and will form a lather like soap. It is worked up into the requisite shape for tobacco pipes, after which they are boiled in oil or wax to harden them. They are so light that they will float in water like a cork, and yet so hard on the surface as to resemble bone or ivory.

BLYTHE, Middleport.—1. The word is commonly pronounced by emphasising the first and last syllables, thus:—*Bal*-mo-*ral*, but Scotchmen, as a general thing, pronounce it as if spelt as follows, *Bal*-mow-rul. 2. A "full consists of three cards of equal value and a single pair, and beats a "flush." 3. A "flush" consists of five cards of the same suit, and beats "three of a kind." 4. A "straight" is the same as a "sequence" in cribbage, as, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; or 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. 5. Your other query referred to Ed. D. D.

OVER THE WAY, Montreal.—Tom Sayers is of English descent, it seems; during the match between Heenan and Sayers, it was currently reported and believed, that Tom's ancestors were of Irish birth, but the father of Sayers pronounced these statements to be utterly untrue. He said that he, Sayers' father, was born at Steyning, Sussex, England, and that his ancestors for many years were inhabitants of the same county. Tom's mother and her family were also Sussex people.

SUBSCRIBER, Allentown, Pa.—"Two of us were throwing dice for the hardware, eleven was the winning throw. Here, another party stepped up, and said he could beat that throw for a small bet. His offer was accepted, and on his throwing, the dice exhibited eleven spots. He claims that it is a tie, and he can throw again. It is left for you to decide."……The third party loses; he bet that he would *beat* eleven, which he failed to do. The tie amounts to nothing.

BALTIMORE, Md.—1. Mrs. Clifton W. Tayleure is the same person who is also known by both of the other two names you mention. 2. Mr. Roorbach has no photograph of the lady you inquire for, at present. Send to him for a catalogue. See his advertisement in this department. 3. The "Actor Preacher," Charles Weeks, professionally known as C. Wentworth, has "simmered down" since the CLIPPER exposed his hypocrisy.

FRANK HARWOOD, Philadelphia.—"A, B, C, and D are playing euchre. A deals; B, C, and D pass; A takes it up and goes alone; B goes alone against him; A makes three tricks; does A count one or four?"……A counts but one. B's going alone against A, amounts to nothing. Had he (B) made three tricks, it would have been a euchre, and B could have scored two points only.

BUSH WHEELER, Chicago.—According to a rule of the New York Quoit Club, the shots should be measured from the nearest visible iron of the mot to the nearest visible iron of the quoit, without disturbing the clay or quoit in any manner; and in case two opposing quoits touch the mot, they shall not be counted, but shall not affect the measurement of the remaining shots.

ANTI-HUMBUG, Montreal, C. E.—If Professor Long ever "lectured in New York with great success," it must have been a very long time ago. If, as you say, "he abuses the Americans in his lectures in Canada," it is but fair to presume that he will pitch into the "Wooden Walls of Old England," should he favor us with a few of his entertainments.

MORTON DUNWOOD.—1. Our usual publication day is Tuesday. 2. Kettledrums. 3. The door-keeper is thus enabled to answer positively whether any person inquired for is, or is not, on the pay roll of the theatre, without leaving his place to inquire, as too much facility for casual callers is not allowed.

W.—Bill Poole was not shot at his own house. He was shot in a drinking saloon called Stanwix Hall, in Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. At the time, Poole kept a public house at the corner of Broadway and Howard street.

NIAGARA BOB.—"Catch betting" we do not believe in. Furthermore, the question you propound, it is impossible to decide, because the language may be construed either way; we therefore advise a draw.

CELINE, Philadelphia.—Our theatrical columns will give you all the information in reference to their whereabouts that we may at any time have, when you can accomplish your object, doubtless, by mail.

W. H. H. B., Washington.—A correspondent from Charlestown, Mass., informs us that the "smoke stack" at the Navy Yard there is 240 feet high, the lightning rod running three feet higher, making in all, 243 feet.

MC., New York.—1. The fight between Yankee Sullivan and Hammer Lane consisted of 19 rounds, fought in 34 minutes. 2. Lane injured his right arm in the 6th round. 3. Lane weighed about 150 lbs. and Sullivan 160.

G. P. M., New York.—The letters L. L. D. signify that the individual to whose name or signature they are attached, is a Doctor of LAWS, the same as M. D. signify Doctor of Medicine.

OLD CONTRIBUTOR, Wooster, Ohio.—We do not recognise an "Old Contributor's" "hand write;" so, for the want of being better authenticated, the communication is omitted.

OLYMPIC.—We are not well enough acquainted with the gentleman's history, to give you the information. It will be given doubtless, when his biography appears.

JERSEYMAN.—The battle at Yorktown, between the Americans and British, under the command respectively of Washington and Cornwallis, took place in October, 1781.

FORT THAYER.—The population of New York and Brooklyn combined, is about one million, of which some 700,000 or over, may be credited to New York, and the balance to Brooklyn.

OLD TIMER.—1. Placide's Varieties, New Orleans, was opened in the year 1849. 2. Brougham's Lyceum, New York, was opened in 1850.

W. D., Catline Station, Va.—The news from the rebel army is generally so contradictory and unauthentic that we could not say with certainty.

J. H. B., Alleghany City.—A rumor to the effect that Morrissey was so set upon, obtained currency, but was afterwards contradicted.

WILL HARRIS, N. Y.—It means anything and everything, according to time, place, what manner of person, and attendant circumstances generally.

F. AND R. SAUNDERS, Chicago.—In 1860, Good Friday came on the 25th of April, and Easter Sunday, April 8th. They do not come on the same date every year.

L. J., Niagara.—He performed an engagement in this city, and after travelling in various States, left for California, where he was last heard of.

BINGHAMTON.—Sam Patch lost his life at Genesee Falls, Rochester, and not at Niagara Falls, as is generally supposed.

T. W. W., Baltimore.—The Seventh did not leave here until one or two regiments from Massachusetts had passed through.

F. V., Yorktown, Va.—The best we can do for you at present is to refer you to our theatrical columns.

D. G., Hoboken, N. J.—The correct name of the vessel is "The General Admiral."

CONSTANT READER, Amesbury, Mass.—The "property qualification" has been somewhat modified, but not altogether removed.

FORTRESS MONROE.—Jem Ward's fighting weight was 175 lbs.; his height 5 feet 10¼ inches. He is 61 years of age.

ROCHESTER.—Flora Temple's best time was not made on any of the Long Island tracks.

PATRON, Boston.—Earl H. Pearce, one of the original Christy Minstrels, died in London in June, 1859.

ALBION.—Three of equal value beat any two pairs.

DONKEY.—We congratulate you on your very appropriate selection of a cognomen.

OLYMPIC.—Of the lady's future intentions we are not apprised, but at present, we believe, she does not contemplate so doing.

BUTCHER BOY, Charlestown, Mass.—Tom Sayers height is 5 feet 8½ inches.

J. B., Troy.—Heenan did not challenge Morrissey after his return from England.

S. S. F., Gloversville, N. Y.—It is pretty evident to us, that "Heenan" was his own son.

S. O. O., Fortress Monroe.—A good sett will cost you five dollars here.

C. W. D., Plymouth, N. H.—Have called the attention of the parties to the matter, and they promise to rectify it.

H. G. A., Providence.—We prefer not to make the arrangement at present.

GROSSE ISLE.—Thank you. At any time your convenience permits.

TRAGEDIAN.—See advertisement of the "Nonpareil" in our theatrical columns.

ATTCH KOMPO.—Five.

SPORTER, Jamestown, N. Y.—Thank you.

P. J. CLAVIN.—It is not up to the mark for publication.

R. S., New York.—There are 1760 yards in an English mile.

HEENAN IN ENGLAND.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN THE PUGILISTIC WORLD.

THE CLIPPER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MEETING BETWEEN THE THREE CHAMPIONS.

Verbatim Report of their Remarks, by a Clipper Correspondent.

Sayers and Mace Stake Money For a Fight.

SAYERS DRAWS HIS MONEY.

HEENAN RESERVES HIS FIRE FOR A FUTURE OCCASION.

The "Authorities" Once More Called Upon to Stop the American from Fighting.

Heenan's Cutting Reply to a London Editor.

THE BOY GONE TO PARIS.

BY the annexed account of the arrival of Heenan in London, and his movements since his arrival there, it will be seen that the CLIPPER'S correspondents are on the *qui vive* for everything of interest in the sporting line, but more particularly for such information as we are all so eagerly looking for in the United States, concerning the movements of the Benicia Boy in England, and the prospect of another meeting between the respective champions of England and America. The quiet arrival of Heenan seems to have set the sporting community of London almost wild with excitement, everybody taking it for granted that the Boy's first business would be the issue of a challenge to Mace, and thus bring a second international match upon the pugilistic docket without the least delay.

Sayers and Mace, who were both absent from London when Heenan reached the Metropolis, immediately dropped all other business, and hastened to London to pay their respects to the American; an interesting account of the meeting of the three Champions will be found below, as reported by our correspondent. Mace does not "fly the course," but stands up like a man to all he has said about being anxious to fight the Boy; while Sayers *seems* desirous of having a "hand in," although it would appear that he dare not do as he would like, on account of the threat of the loss of his annuity, which is held over his head at all times.

Our special correspondent, "Ned James," was among the first to call upon the Boy, and was very kindly received by he of Benish, and every assurance given that the CLIPPER, as in the former International Match, should be placed in possession of every item of importance, at the earliest possible moment.

The Londoners express surprise, and show signs of disappointment, that the Boy has not openly challenged the Champion of England; this feeling is still further strengthened by the report that Heenan had openly avowed that his business in England is *not* to fight; and on the strength of this avowal, and an article which it copies from the CLIPPER, the *Sporting Life* rather pettishly remarks—"After all the blustering bunkum of the trans-Atlantic press, *Heenan, it is clear, does not intend to re-enter the ring to contend for the Champion's Belt.* We trust that friends on the other side of the water will bear in mind that we still have a gladiator to defend the trophy of British pugilism, and one who offered every inducement to Heenan had he been inclined to try his strength and skill against him in the magic circle," etc., etc.

Our trans-Atlantic contemporary says truly that they "have a gladiator to defend the trophy of British pugilism." We never doubted it. They have *too many* gladiators to defend "the trophy," as was strikingly exemplified at Farnborough. However, Mr. Mace's "inducements" may receive attention in due time. At present, it is not policy for Heenan to "outrage the feelings of the British public" by offering to fight Mace. If the latter gentleman is fearful of a "disappointment," let him calm his agitated mind, for we feel confident that he will be able to "get on" soon enough, although "appearances," at last accounts, denoted otherwise.

The following letter from our correspondent, "Ned James," gives us the latest points, up to the sailing of the steamship City of New York, on the 9th of April:

LONDON, Wednesday, April 9th.

DEAR FRANK: As stated in my last, the Benicia Boy arrived at Liverpool on Thursday, April 3, accompanied by his brother James. On Friday they came to London and put up at the New York Hotel, Lisle street, Leicester Square; in the evening, together with Jack Macdonald, the Trojan Brothers paid a visit to Polygraphic Hall, where the Original (?) Christy Minstrels are performing—afterwards showing at Owen Swift's in Tichbourne street. Saturday I had the pleasure of an interview with the Champion, and we took a social glass together, or rather John called for a cup of coffee, while I quaffed Old Tom; he received me very cordially, and bade me call often; the same night the Three Athletes (for Jack Macdonald is always with them) went to the Princess's Theatre by invitation of a noble Irish Marquis. Mace, Sayers, and the Boy met at Owen Swift's last Sunday, where quite a scene took place by Sayers offering to fight Mace, but I don't put much confidence in these things, for it was evidently intended to draw John into some sort of "declaration of his intentions;" it didn't work, however, and things remain "as they were." This morning the two sailed for Paris, where they intend tarrying for a week or so.

It is impossible to give even an idea of the excitement created all over Great Britain by the sudden, quiet, and modest manner of the Boy's second appearance: Blondin and all other sensations have to take a back seat, while Heenan, Napoleon and Garibaldi completely occupy the public mind. The *Sporting Life* received the Boy with open arms, but *Big Bell* was icy cold in its noting the arrival; it gave barely a half dozen lines, and could find nothing better to say than casting slurs at Jem, as coming here to avenge John, should the latter lose when he fights Mace. Some of the dailies howl and yelp like mangy curs for the authorities to interfere and put Heenan under bonds not to fight any more Britishers! "Let the galled jade wince." Rather a peculiar incident transpired by the *Illustrated Sporting News* issuing a Champion number with portraits of Heenan, Sayers, Cusick, Macdonald, Brunton, and Welsh, the very day our Champion landed: of course it was a perfect windfall for Messrs. Maddick and Tallis, the worthy proprietors, and has thoroughly established their *bijou* little paper.

At Harry Brunton's the other night, a regular scrimmage occurred between a number of bold Erinites and thorough-bred Britons, growing out of disputes concerning Heenan and Mace. The Hibernians back Benish at elephants to perriwinkles. It is precisely the same in all sporting houses—a thousand rumors flying about, and every place doing a rattling business in consequence. It will be specially gratifying to learn that Nat Langham and Jem Ward's houses are reaping a harvest by John C-'s arrival.

As yet nothing has transpired indicating fight, *but don't be surprised to hear of a match being made very quietly in less than a month's time.* Of course it would be the height of folly for Heenan to act precipitately, and hence his card to the *Daily Telegraph* herewith inclosed, but one can see he means business even there, when the proper time arrives.

The challenge from Sayers didn't prove such a "sensation" as expected, considering his present circumstances and future intentions, for be it known he starts for Australia in about six months time, and is under a year's engagement there.

When anything important as to Heenan's re-appearance in the ring does transpire, you may rely on the very first intelligence *either from the Champion himself, Jack Macdonald, or myself—and possibly from each one of us.* ED. JAMES.

Thus we see that the Boy "bides his time," and we shall *not* be surprised to hear of a match being made between Heenan and Mace, the respective champions of America and England, Heenan's card to the London *Telegraph*, alluded to above, is as follows. It was called forth by the *Telegraph's* obnoxious observations upon Heenan's arrival:

"SIR,—Having seen a paragraph in your paper to-day, relative to my visit to England, I beg to say that you are mistaken in the view you take of it. I have not come with the 'avowed object' to fight anybody; at the same time I am, I hope, *quite equal to the task of protecting myself, and the honor of my country, against anybody.* However, as my views are pacific, I trust the 'authorities' will have no trouble on my account. The favor of your inserting this will much oblige. I am, sir, yours, &c.,

"April 5. J. C. HEENAN."

Notwithstanding this emphatic "peace manifesto," says the *Sporting Life*, Mr. Phillips heard such rumors of war from Heenan's friends, in the course of Monday morning, that he again waited on the Benicia Boy at his hotel, the New York, Leicester-square. Heenan once more impressed on Mr. Phillps, that despite the reports out of doors, he had made up his mind not to fight. This, therefore, must be looked on as a positive refusal to renew hostilities in England, although American papers seem to fancy that the Benician will ultimately be persuaded to make a match.

Another London correspondent of the CLIPPER, who did us good service during the match between Heenan and Sayers, sends us the following spicy account of the meeting of the three champions at Owen Swift's, and the conversation that ensued:—

LONDON, April 6, 1862.

"DEAR FRANK—Yesterday I was at Derby, and hearing of the arrival of J. C. Heenan, I hastened up to town, that I might be able to forward you at once all the items of the reception of our champion; and never was such a sight witnessed as on Sunday last, viz.: the meeting of the champions at Owen Swift's.

Various reports were current that Heenan was *non est*, and big sums were laid about his non-appearance. I was soon convinced of his well-being by meeting him at the New York Hotel, which place he left at 3 o'clock to take tea with Jack Macdonald; after tea an adjournment was made to Owen Swift's, and on entering we found Owen seated in his little snuggery, surrounded by many of the sporting men of London, including Richardson (Mace's backer), Bennett (one of Sayers' backers), Jack Hamilton (Morrissey's trainer), Dick Pell (an old negro singer, now a sporting man), Tom Coney, Roberts (the great billiard player, with whom Heenan commenced a conversation about Kavanagh, your great player, and Roberts strongly desired a meeting with the great transatlantic billiard), etc.

After sundry drinks, the conversation changed to the pending match between Nolan and Dan Thomas, and on the result of which upwards of £200 was immediately staked, and all present purposed witnessing the "*merry mill.*" Heenan fancying Nolan to win, made several wagers on him; and immediately after the fight, John intends visiting Paris for a few days, previous to his commencing a great engagement in this country with Howe's & Cushing's new American Circus, which will be ready to start in two weeks. As Heenan was about leaving, who should enter but Jem Mace, the Champion of England, whereupon the following conversation ensued;—

Heenan—"Good evening, Mace; I'm glad to see you" (offering his hand, which Mace accepted).

Mace—"John, I'm glad to see you; good evening; how have you been?"

Heenan—"First rate, I thank you."

Here Mace seated himself, and nothing more passed at the time. In about two minutes after, in walked Tom Sayers, a little inebriated.

Sayers—"Where is he? Ah! there he is; how are you, John?"

Heenan—(Grasping Sayers' hand) "How are you?"

Sayers—(chaffing) "I am well enough to lick you."

Heenan—"I am a gentleman; I have not come over here to fight; I am now an Irish nobleman, and have come over here to claim a large estate that has been left to me."

Sayers—"*You* a gentleman! come, now, who have you come over here to fight?"

Heenan—"Well, if I fight you, I'll kill you! I'm astonished at you! When I left here, you looked like a gentleman, and sported your kids as I do now; but now your kids are all gone, and instead, you have a pair of very dirty hands."

Owen Swift—"Sayers, here's another" (pointing to Mace).

Sayers—"What! three champions all at one time! (to Mace) What are you doing here? Have you come to fight?"

Jem Mace—(jumping up) "I will fight any man."

Sayers—(producing money) "Will you fight me?"

Mace—(producing money) "Yes."

Here £10 was laid down on each side.

Owen Swift—"Tom, Tom, are you gettting crazy? Don't you remember that you can't fight?"

Sayers—"Can't I fight for my own money?"

Swift—"Yes, but remember your wife and children, and your honor!"

After great persuasions from all present, including Heenan, Sayers was induced to ask a draw.

Sayers—(to Mace) "Mace, can I draw out of this?"

Mace—"You have made a target of me, and have fired at me; I am obliged to fight any man, and it don't make a bit of difference who he is; but you can draw out."

For this speech he received great applause from all present.

Sayers (looking from Mace to Heenan) *to Heenan*—"Are you going to fight this man" (pointing to Mace)?

Heenan—"That is my business; I'll make my own arrangements."

Here Heenan shook hands with all present, and wished them good night. It being 11 o'clock, and closing time, each man wended his way to his own fireside, and thus ended the meeting of the three champions. What is to follow remains to be seen.

John Heenan has more friends in London to-day than any other fighting man ever had. In the event of his fighting Mace, 4 to 1 is offered on him; his brother Jim accompanies him, and has secured many friends already by his gentlemanly conduct."

WIDE AWAKE.

Thus we give our readers a full report of a very exciting, spicy, and suggestive conversation between three of the best pugilists now living. No doubt Sayers' little "do" with Mace was intended to draw out Benish, but he was not to be had at the time, so Sayers was very courteously "permitted" to draw his money.

Bell's Life does not have much to say about the Boy's arrival. Here is its reference to Heenan's reappearance in London, as we find it recorded in Bell of April 5.

"We believe it is Heenan's intention at once to throw down the gauntlet to Mace, and have another shy for the original belt. Mace, who seems to have expected the arrival of a fresh candidate with some anxiety, writes to us from Norwich, that Mr. Moss Phillips has full authority to treat with Heenan, and to sign articles to any amount up to £500 a side. It is rumored that Sayers has issued a cartel calling on Heenan to once more try conclusions with him; but as Sayers is under a bond never to fight again, and as his trustees are determined to prevent his doing so, we are inclined to believe this is mere gossip. At any rate, it is certain that if Sayers gave up his present profitable speculation and signed articles, the matter would not go further, as his friends would take steps to prevent it. We know not whether Heenan's brother has come over on the same business, but if he has, Mace has clearly his work cut out, seeing that should one brother be unsuccessful, the other would, doubtless, spring up to avenge his fall. In addition to his pugilistic practice, the Benicia Boy has, we hear, undertaken an engagement with a troupe of equestrians during the exhibition."

The London *Sporting Life* seems to be most in favor with the pugs of London, and it is now, to a certain extent, looked upon as their organ. It devotes considerable space to the arrival and movements of Heenan, and as it may interest the CLIPPER readers to read the *Sporting Life's* remarks, we herewith append them, taken from that paper of April 9:

"The one topic uppermost in pugilistic circles has been the probabilities of a match for the Championship between Heenan and Mace, and even Tom Sayers, who had written to us, expressing his willingness to fight either man, should a contest take place between the Benician and the game and scientific little Mace. Mr. Moss Phillips, Jem's backer, to show his confidence in his man, made it his business to see Heenan at once, and learn what course "the Boy" intended to pursue with respect to the Championship. Mr. Phillips was prepared to commence negotiations at once, and on obtaining an interview with Heenan, told him that if he would like to have another try for the belt, Mace could be matched immediately for any amount up to £1,000. To the surprise of Mr. Phillips, Heenan stated that he had no intention of fighting Mace, "or any other man" in England. The Benician explained that he had come to this country with no hostile intentions, and that he had been induced to make a second visit, to take part in a series of exhibitions for which he had been or was about to be engaged. Of course, Mr. Phillips having learned that this might be considered definite, was content to let the matter rest, but in order that there might be no mistake, he took Jem to Owen Swift's on Sunday evening, where the Champion was introduced to Heenan, the men shaking hands with cordiality. Mace has entirely built up his present high reputation since the "battle of Farnborough," and the Benicia Boy, who had hitherto been almost a perfect stranger to Jem, eyed him carefully, as if drawing conclusions as to his strength and muscular-development. Much discussion and bantering ensued between the friends and backers of the men, until the arrival shortly afterwards of Tom Sayers. A most amusing and interesting scene ensued between the two heroes of Farnborough. Sayers immediately rushed to Heenan, and, seizing "the Boy's" hand, shook it with friendly vigor, and in the enthusiasm of the moment almost dragged Heenan down, but Tom himself fell. Tom appeared delighted at the return of his old opponent, and the interchange of inquiries as to their health and happiness was most hearty. Mace and the two great gladiators were, of course, the lions of the party, and Sayers, who was brimful of fun and humor, bandied his chaff in all directions. Much talk again ensued as to Heenan's future policy in this country, until Mace quietly said, "He'd fight both of 'em," if they chose, whereupon Sayers put down a £5 note as a deposit, and this was immediately covered by Mace with five sovereigns, Tom choosing Mr. Moss Phillips as stakeholder. At this point, a gentleman reminded Sayers that he was bound down not to fight by the terms of his annuity. Sayers then asked Mace if he might be permitted to withdraw his money, and Mace at once consented, conduct which pleased the spectators exceedingly, and greatly increased the good name which Jem has already earned. Mr. Phillips then inquired if any one else wished to make a match with Mace, and neither Heenan nor his friends made any reply. Conversation upon the probable matches ceased, and the three champions spent the remainder of the evening very pleasantly.

"The NEW YORK CLIPPER, in noticing the Benicia Boy's departure, says:—'Heenan is non-committal as regards the object of his European trip. He says he is under no engagement at present, and will not be until he arrives in England. Various rumors have been in circulation since our last, prominent among which is that which associated his name with a prominent circus manager about to bring 'The Boy' out in a new character, and in a new arena. This is the reported object of Heenan's return to England. But is it the real and only purpose of his heart? Is there not something underlying the circus engagement which has had more weight in inducing this visit than the mere dollars and cents connected with the show business? It is not necessary that the proposed battle shall be for the Championship of England. *Let it be for superiority alone.* What if Heenan should fight for and win the Championship—he would not remain in England three years, or even less time, to uphold his claims. He would resign the office at once, to be fought for by others. So if Mace and Heenan are to meet, let all extraneous issues of 'pride and prejudice' be thrown aside, and let the combat be decided solely on the merits of the men. Such a meeting can be best brought about by dispensing with the belt. We make these remarks supposing that Heenan's reappearance in London will be the means of bringing about a second 'International Fight.' Heenan has taken remarkably good care of himself since the fight at Farnborough, and we never saw him look better than he looks at present. Many, no doubt, will suppose that in a set-to with Mace, Heenan would have a very easy thing of it. Perhaps so. Mace is no slouch, however; and though his recent performance with King did not enhance his scientific reputation, it may be that he was 'operating' for a purpose. We are well aware that he can do better than he did on that occasion. There are points to be made in the pugilistic arena, as well as on the Stock Exchange, and Jem may have had an eye to some future movements when he planned the attack on King. We shall see. Let us advise Heenan not to hold Mace too cheaply, for, in addition to considerable experience in the ring, he will receive the advice and assistance of some of the best men in England.'

After all the blustering "bunkum" of the transatlantic press, Heenan, it is clear, does not intend to re-enter the ring to contend for the Champion's belt. We trust that friends on the other side of the water will bear in mind that we still have a gladiator to defend the trophy of British pugilism, and one who offered every inducement to Heenan had he been inclined to try his strength and skill against him in the magic circle." Heenan is still in London, and whenever he shows in places of public resort he becomes the centre of attraction, thus proving that the fame of the splendid battle in which he engaged with Tom Sayers was far from ephemeral in its nature. The re-appearance of the Benicia Boy has aroused the bile of the white-livered writers of the press, who look upon a bloody nose as a calamity and a black eye as a terrible disaster. A contemptible organ of cant and fanaticism, published in Edinburgh, in announcing the Benicia Boy's arrival, says, "He has come to fight another blackguard, named Mace." We will not condescend to argue with the cowardly libeller who penned this insult upon two brave and well conducted men, but the Edinburgh scribbler finds his sentiments re-echoed by "another blackguard" to a London daily paper, of which the least said the better.

Heenan called at our office last evening, after his return from the encounter between Nolan and Thomas, and declared that he had made up his mind to fight no more, especially after witnessing what he deems some disreputable "scenes" yesterday. The Benicia Boy looks wonderfully well, and appears, if anything, broader, and more massive than ever. His present weight is about 16st. He leaves London for Paris this morning, where he sojourns for a few days, and upon his return he will commence a six month's engagement with a well-known circus proprietor, so that his admirers will have plenty of opportunities of beholding the famous child of Benicia in a new character. Heenan tells us that he has received so much kindness from the English people that he has determined never to descend to any single act which could in any way lower him in the estimation of the public.

JAMES HEENAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING LIFE.

SIR,—Your contemporary, *Bell's Life*, has jumped at a very erroneous conclusion with respect to Heenan's brother James, who accompanies the Benicia Boy to England. It is intimated in that paper, that should J. C. Heenan prove unsuccessful in a fight with Mace, his brother James might spring up to "avenge his fall." I am sorry that *Bell's Life* should be so utterly misled, for James Heenan comes to this country on purely private business, and never had any idea or intention at any time to enter the P. R., for which he is physically disqualified, being more adapted as to size for a feather weight battle than a fight for the Championship of England. I am, sir, yours obediently, JOHN MACDONALD, (Heenan's late Second.)

The three Champions are now in the show business—Heenan with Howes & Cushing, Sayers with his own circus, and Jem Mace with Ginnett's Royal Circus. Our own correspondents will closely watch the movements of all three, and give the CLIPPER readers the result of their observations without delay. Mace now holds the original belt, for the possession of which Heenan and Sayers struggled so manfully at Farnborough.

From the letter of one of our London correspondents, it will be seen that, should a match between Heenan and Mace be made, there will be a strong party favorable to Heenan among the Irish element, and we may expect to hear of repeated scrimmages between the Hibernian supporters of Heenan and the British partisans of Mace. In this country, a like feeling may eventually manifest itself, providing the two Champions sign the necessary articles of a meeting.

Already the announcement in last week's CLIPPER of the arrival out of the Boy has revived the old feeling, and caused quite animated conversations in sporting circles. We put the CLIPPER to press somewhat earlier than usual, last week, that our friends might have early intelligence of the Boy's movements. Our sources of information are many, and as our reports proved reliable pending the Great International Match between Heenan and Sayers, so we hope to give our readers equally trustworthy and early intelligenee touching the proposed second international tournay.

The official announcement of Heenan's engagement with a circus company has been made in England, of which the following is a copy:—

J. C. HEENAN IN ENGLAND.—Howes' Great American Circus, from the Alhambra Palace, London, enlarged, improved, and reorganised for the Great International Year, 1862, will visit some of the principal provincial towns in England, and will shortly visit Ireland, accompanied by Mr. Heenan. The equipments, appurtenances, carriages, dresses, trappings, and appointments, are entirely new, and got up regardless of expense, involving an outlay of over £3,000. The company will give two performances each day, under a new and splendid waterproof tent, manufactured expressly for this establishment. Grand procession every day at one o'clock through the principal streets of the town headed by the most magnificent band carriage in Europe, the panels of which are most artistically painted with grand historical tableaux, representing the discovery of America by Columbus, acknowledged by all *connoiseurs* to be a perfect *chef d'ouvre* of art, In addition to the talented troupe of male and female equestrians, Messrs. Howes have entered into an engagement with the world-renowned J. C. Heenan, the Champion of America, who has just arrived in England, after a brilliant and prosperous career in his native land. Some idea of the popularity of this modern Achilles in America may be formed, when on landing at New York, after the great international battle, *he was publicly received by the mayor of New York, the President of the United States, and all the dignitaries of the land,* [Oh! Messrs. Howes, how could you pile it on so extravagantly?—ED. CLIP.]; and at the grand banquet given to him by the citizens of New York, at Jones' Wood, no less than 45,000 persons were present, and the Benicia Boy was presented with a purse containing £1,000 sterling. Mr. J. C. Heenan will appear at each performance in appropriate costume, and set-to. Messrs. Howes have also secured the services of the world-renowned Wallet, the Queen's jester; also the Rocky Mountain Wonders, a band of daring young men from the plains of California. The feats performed by this troupe are beyond belief, and defy description. The celebrated Female Blondin is engaged, and will make a terrific ascent each day, from the end of the field to the top of the mammoth marquee. The company will perform at Wolverhampton, on Thursday, April 17; Dudley, 19; Birmingham, 21, 22, 23, and 24. N.B.—This will be the most attractive performance ever seen in England and at low prices of admission.

Here is a notice of Jem Mace's appearance with Ginnett's Royal Circus:—

Jem Mace appeared in Bristol on Tuesday last, with Ginnett's Circus, when both day and night performances were well patronized—the night so much so, that the large circus would not hold all who wished to enter, and some hundreds were obliged to retire without seeing the Champion. The performances gave the greatest possible satisfaction. Late in the evening, Mr. Harry Montague (Mace's agent) exhibited the Champion's belts and valuable cups, and in a neat speech announced the "Champion of the world" and his black, "Arr Hassan," who held the attention of the audience for some time with the most scientific display of the art of self-defence. Mace was repeatedly called in the ring to receive the applause of the audience, who greeted him with loud shouts of admiration. The Champion took up his quarters at Phil Good's, the Ram, Market street, where he held a levee on Wednesday, a large number assembling in the large rooms of the hotel. The Champion took the chair. Many toasts were drank, the principal being "the health of Mr. Mace," which was drank with musical honors. We are given to understand that Mr. Good and a few of Mace's Bristolian admirers intend presenting him with a testimonial, showing their admiration of his manly conduct in the ring, and his gentlemanly conduct in private life. Mace will shortly arrive in London with his circus, when he will seek the patronage of his metropolitan admirers.

THE CRICKETER'S CONVENTION.—This annual Convention, is, we understand, contrary to expectation, to take place, Mr. Thomas N. Hall, the Secretary of the last Convention, having fixed on Monday, May 5th, at 8 o'clock, P. M., as the time, and the Astor House, New York city, as the place for it to be held. Since it is decided that it shall take place, we sincerely hope that all the cricket clubs that possibly can, will take measures to be represented.

TEN BROEK IN THE FIELD.—By late advices from England, we perceive that Mr. R. Ten Broeck, the American representative on the British Turf, has recommenced operations, the first appearance of any of his animals, being we believe, that of Olive Branch, in the City and Suburban Handicap at the Epsom Spring Meeting, on Thursday, April 10, the betting being 25 to 1 against him, there being 24 starters. These odds appear to have been fully warranted, as Olive Branch was easily beaten, Mr. Naylor's, Sawcutter being the successful quadruped. Olive Branch is entered for the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger.

On the following day, Friday, April 11, at the same meeting, Mr. Ten Broeck's Summerside, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe, bred in America, ridden by Murfit, succeeded in gaining second place for the Waterloo Plate of 50 sovs, and a handicap of 5 sovs, for all ages, distance, three fourths of a mile. Mr. Mundy's Confectioner made the running to the distance, where *the favorite*, Summerside, came out, but was finally beaten by Lord Coventry's colt by Mildew by three lengths. This does not look much like backing out on Mr. Ten Broeck's part, as was reported in the English journals last season, and as a reward for his perseverance it is to be hoped that he will meet with a fair share of success, and that Olive Branch may win at least one of the three great events for which he has entered. The indications are that the British Turf Campaign for 1862 will be a brilliant one, and that many of the more important races will be visited by a large number of foreigners, attracted thither by the World's Fair.

THE RING IN ENGLAND.—The ring, as an institution, appears to flourish on the other side of the "herring pond," judging from the number of battles that have recently taken place, and those that are still on the docket. In this week's issue we publish accounts of no less than five, including the battle for the championship of the light weights, which appears to have been conducted rather loosely, and to have given dissatisfaction to many, John C. Heenan included. The battle between Baldock and Brookes, on the contrary, is reported as having been a model mill, and a treat to witness. The police give the boys some fun at steeple chasing, occasionally, we perceive, and sometimes we fear, are not a surprise party to some of the parties concerned.

VILLAGE SPORTS.—Clubs for the practice of games of ball, etc., are forming in cities, villages, and every nook and corner of our "wide expanse of territory." In Jamestown, N. Y., a Base Ball Club has been organised, comprising some sixty members. In the same place is a boat club, with every promise of capital sport for the summer. So we go—onward is the word.

THE FINE ARTS.—Wm. Clark, the gentleman boxer of New York, has a most excellent portrait gallery of sporting men, besides other sporting pictures, which are worth a three mile dash to see. A visit to his place, "The Gem," corner of Houston and Crosby streets, will prove profitable and entertaining.

COCKING.—Easter Monday, which is usually considered a gala day among the cockers of Detroit, passed off there without much sport, as a number of them went to London, C. W., to witness a main fought there on that day.

CRIBBAGE.—Mr. Sam Solomon and Son, boldly throw down the gauntlet to Mr. Robt. Smith and friend, to play a game at Cribbage for a good round stake, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere. Peg away boys, but don't draw both Pegs at once.

BALL PLAY.

THE JUNIOR CONVENTION.

On Wednesday, April 23d, the delegates to the third annual convention of the Junior Base Ball Players, assembled at Mozart Hall, Broadway, New York. But little business of importance was transacted, with the exception of the election of certain officers in the place of those who had left the association and become members of the senior organization. The list of officers is now as follows:—President, C. D. Walker, of the Active Club; Vice President, E. K. Ranson, of the Niagara Club; Recording Secretary, E. S. Bloomfield (newly elected), of the Passaic Club; Corresponding Secretary, C. E. King, of the Juniata club; and D. Manson, of the Mystic Club, as Treasurer.

The Committee on the Championship now consists of the following gentlemen: T. Van Antwerp, Chairman, Juniata; C. S. Glover, Mystic; A. B. Cruden, Monmouth; W. N. Decker, Active; W. J. Thompson, Mohawk. The contest for the Championship will take place this season, a handsome silver ball being the trophy. Next week we will give the Rules that are to regulate these games.

The following are the names of the Clubs and their Delegates who were present at the Convention.

BROOKLYN.

Niagara.....C. K. Ranson, G. L. Hammond.
Mohawk.....T. F. Clark, W. J. Thompson.

NEW YORK.

Mystic .....D. Manson, C. S. Glover.
Active.....E. D. Walker, W. N. Decker.

HOBOKEN.

Monmouth....C. L. Hibbard, A. B. Cranden.
Juniata.....C. E. King, Z. Van Antwerp.
Champion ....S. Stilson, H. T. Mason.
Perry... .....I. Snodgrass, G. Snow.

NEWARK.

Oraton.....T. F. Norwood, C. W. Faitwrite.
Passaic.....E. A. Bloomfield, A. E. Schock.

The following are the committees for the ensuing year:—

ON RULES AND REGULATIONS.—C. D. Walker, Active, Chairman *ex officio*; E. K. Ranson, Niagara; T. Van Antwerp, Juniata; B. Mahoney, Benicia Boy; J. A. Regan, Nassau; T. F. Norwood, Oraton; J. Rolkan, Jackson; T. F. Clark, Mohawk; D. Manson, Mystic; J. Snodgrass, Perry.

ON NOMINATIONS.—C. D. Walker, Active, Chairman *ex officio*; E. S. Bloomfield, Passaic; J. Currie, Pocahontas; G. Snow, Perry.

It will be seen that but two Brooklyn clubs were represented, the reason being that the locality selected for the meeting was too remote, considering the late hour before the convention generally adjourns. At the first convention twelve Brooklyn clubs enrolled themselves as members of the association, and at the second, seven were present. The playing rules of the junior associations differ from those of the senior, the sections changed being numbers 31, 34, and 37.

Section 31 now reads as follows:—"The umpire in any match shall determine when play shall be suspended; and if the game cannot be concluded, it shall be decided by the last even innings, provided five innings have been played, and the party having the greater number of runs shall be declared the winner, except as provided in the annexed subdivisions, viz., if an innings is entered upon, and both parties have been at the bat, and those last at the bat have the greater number of runs when the play is suspended, they shall be decided the winners."

Section 34 reads:—"No person shall be permitted to act as umpire or scorer in any match, unless he shall be a member of a Base Ball Club, governed by these rules, or by the rules of the Senior Association, in which case he must be acquainted with these rules, and give his decisions accordingly."

Section 37 reads:—"Should a striker stand at the bat without striking at good balls repeatedly pitched to him—for the apparent purpose of delaying the game, or of giving advantage to a player, the umpire, after warning him, shall call one strike, and if he persists in such action, two and three strikes; when three strikes are called, he shall be subject to the same rules as if he had struck at three fair balls, or should any players on the outside, purposely delay the game, either by mispitching or losing the ball, the umpire shall give warning, when, if the practice is persisted in, he shall stop the game, and decide it in favor of the club having the inside."

The convention adjourned to meet on the 4th Wednesday in March 1863.

BASE BALL IN PHILADELPHIA.

OPENING GAME OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB—OLD MEMBERS PRESENT—WHEN ORGANIZED—THE CAMAC GROUND—CLUBS OCCUPYING IT, &c.

The annexed communication from a base ball player of Philadelphia, dated April 22, will, without a doubt, be read with pleasure by the fraternity generally:—"The Olympic Ball Club opened the season on Saturday afternoon, the 19th inst., with a beautiful game of base ball. The attendance both of members and spectators was large, and warmly encouraging to the lovers of this kind of recreation. The day and the ground were all that could be desired, and the play remarkably good, considering that the players had just emerged from winter quarters. Conspicuous amongst the players were a number of the oldest members, the presence of one of whom, in particular, the venerable and esteemed founder and present President, added increased interest to the occasion. The hearty greetings with which he was received on the ground showed how gratified all were to see him open upon another year of play.

The Olympic club was organized in 1833, twenty-nine years ago, as a Town Ball Club, playing season after season in regular succession without faltering, until a few years since, when Base Ball became so popular, which game was then adopted. Without having the data to establish the fact, not much is ventured in expressing the opinion that this is the oldest of all the present active ball playing clubs in the country. Always strong, it has gradually increased in strength, until now it numbers about sixty members, besides being the champion club of the city. In saying this, the impression is not intended to be conveyed that championship is the first ambition of its members. Such is not the case. Whilst skillful play is worked hard for by all, and a successful contest highly gratifying, yet respectability has always been the ruling desire of the club; hence, no gratuitous additions have been sought for or admitted to build up and strengthen a first nine. One of the commendable objects of the club, always kept in view, has been to make it socially agreeable. Therefore, in weighing the claims of an applicant for membership, due attention is given to his merits in this respect. Owing to these influences, the club is no doubt indebted, in a great measure, for its age and healthfulness. New clubs forming, and old ones struggling for existence, would profit by following its example.

The Camac ground, on which this club plays, is just outside of the built-up portion of the city, on an elevated and beautiful location. It is enclosed by a board fence; its surface is a beautiful, well-kept green-sward, very smooth, and gently sloping to the south-east. This is the ground played on in this city by the "All England Eleven." It is perhaps not surpassed by any in the country.

It is occupied on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons by the Olympic; Tuesday and Friday by the Adriatic; Thursday by the Athletic—all base ball clubs; and Monday by cricket. Although the admirers of athletic exercise are indebted to the enterprise of cricketers for this beautiful ground, yet the "knights of the willow" have surrendered it up to base ball. Cricket, for some reason, has not been much played for a year or so past. On the contrary, base ball has flourished more or less. Some clubs, it is true, have suffered by the times; but as for the "Old Olympic," she has never lost ground for a moment, continuing, as she always has, to move steadily and surely onward. The ground is in charge of Mr. H. N. Barlow, the well known and formerly celebrated cricketer, who is very gentlemanly and attentive.

The following are the names of the officers of the club:—President, Wm. E. Whitman; Vice President, Charles E. Lincoln; Secretary, John H. Weeks; Treasurer, D. M. Zimmerman. Ground Committee, T. De B. Richards, John S. Kuen, Charles E. Anspach, Wm. M. Haynes, and John T. Tagg."

ATHLETIC BASE BALL CLUB OPENING.—On Thursday last, April 24th, the Athletic Base Ball Club, of Philadelphia, opened their play for the season, on their grounds at Camac's Woods. More than full sides, composed of members of the club alone, entered into play. Harry Paul whose splendid batting, sure catching and perfect 2d base tending, lent such *eclat* to the Olympic club matches, has left that club, and united himself to the Athletic; Gray of the old Excelsior, an excellent player, has also joined the Athletic. It would almost be unfair to specify the players in particular, but Pratt was up to his usual good pitching, Heston better than ever in his batting, Wilkins sure in his catches and bat, Hayhurst, Troutman, Karcher, Bartine, McBride and last though not least, Col. Moore, all deserve mention. The sides were as follows:—

1..Moore, 1st base.	1..Heston, short stop.
2..Wilkins, pitcher.	2..Pratt, pitcher.
3..Paul, catcher.	3..McBride, catcher.
4..Gratz, 2d base.	4..Howard, right field.
5..Karcher, short stop.	5..Benson, 3d base.
6..Fitzgerald, 3d base.	6..Dennay, left field.
7..Reger, right field.	7..Williams, 2d base.
8..Bell, left field.	8..Bartine, 1st base.
9..Hayhurst, centre field.	9..McCurdy, centre field.
10..Troutman, 2d right field.	10..Bacon, 2d right field.
11..Davis, 2d centre field.	11..Deal, 2d centre field.
12..Campbell, 2d left field.	12..

An election for officers of the club was held on April 21st, with the following result:

President, Col. Thos. Fitzgerald; Vice President, Chas. W. Bacon, Esq; Secretary, R. W. Benson; Treasurer, Nathan Berkenstock; Directors, E. H. Hayhurst, I. P. Wilkins and Frank B. Bell; Captain, Col. D. W. C. Moore. The address of the Secretary, is S. E., cor. of Third and Chestnut streets.

The grounds, which were formerly occupied by the St. George Cricket Club, and on which the All England Eleven played, never looked in finer condition. Private rooms have been erected for the different clubs, which, with the ground itself, are under the supervision of Mr. Barlow, the cricketer. From present appearances, base ball in Philadelphia will flourish considerably this season.

THE EAGLE CLUB.—The members of this club assembled on their grounds at Hoboken on Friday, April 25th, for the first time this season, and had an interesting practice game among themselves. But few of the first nine were on hand, but among those in the game we noticed Messrs. Leggett and Creighton of the Excelsior Club, who both played the mischief with their opponents' score. The day was not very pleasant, or there would doubtless have been a better attendance.

THE EXCELSIOR CLUB.—The members of this celebrated club will commence play for the season about the middle of May. They cannot well do it before, as their grounds retain moisture for some time and for that reason are not in condition for play until warm weather sets in. Their nine this season will be as follows. We place them alphabetically:—Brainard, Creighton, Flanly, Holden, Leggett, Pearsall, Polhemus, Reynolds and Russell. Their first match will probably be with the veteran Knickerbockers, after which we should like to see them pay a visit to Boston and rouse up the ball playing community of the Bay State to a realization of the beauties of our National game. It would materially advance the interests of the game in that locality. How would the Bostonians like to have the Excelsiors open the ball with them on Boston Common?

THE MYSTIC CLUB.—We understand that the statement of the matches to be played by this club, recently sent to this paper, was not authorised by the club. It was signed by the Secretary, or purported to be, and so we published it. The Mystic Club will undoubtedly be the champions of the Juniors this season, as there is no club strong enough to win a home-and-home match from them, unless they are very much stronger than they were last year. The absence of the Constellations and Resolutes leaves the path open for the Mystics, and they can now walk round the course if they play as skilfully as they did last season.

CRICKET.

THE EAST NEW YORK CLUB.—This club promises to take the lead of the Island clubs this season, as it did last, and the members have already made preparations to commence field practice early in May. They now muster among their members several first-class players, and their eleven this season, if they are attentive in the practice of fielding, will be a pretty strong team to beat. They intend playing matches with the St. George, New York, Newark, Passaic and Queen's Co. Clubs. Their eleven is composed of the following players:—Andrews, Bedford, Cuppaidge, Hudson, Hoagland, Lester, Marsh, Morris, North, and John and C. Stokes. Their opening day is to be the first Saturday in May. At the meeting held Wednesday, April 23d, the following officers were elected to preside over the affairs of the club for 1862. President, S. Davies; Vice President, J. W. Lester; Treasurer, F. S. Andrews; Secretary, J. T. Cuppaidge; Match Committee, Messrs. North, Cuppaidge, Bedford and Hudson. This is an excellent list of officers. We are pleased to see the name of Mr. S. Davies as President. He has ably discharged the duties season after season, and is not only an ardent supporter of the club but a gentleman in every respect suited for the position.

THE ST. GEORGE CLUB.—The members of this club assembled in force on Friday, April 25th, for the first time this season, and engaged in a day's practice in spite of the chilly state of the atmosphere. The grounds are in really splendid condition, the turf being in fine order. The St. George club have now a full list of members. On the day in question sides were chosen and a lively game of one innings was played, Hammond's side being the victors by a score of 68, against 64 made by the side under Harry Wright. The players were selected from among the following gentlemen;—Messrs. Bage, Bainbridge, Bailey, Betts, Burnett, Creigton, Congreve, Ford, Hammond, Houghton, Hindhaugh, Kendall, Lang, Pomeroy, Trenor, Vanderlip, Vincent, Vinton, Walker, Waller, Wright, and others.

WILLOW CRICKET CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.—The opening match of the above club will take place on Saturday next, May 3d, on their grounds, situated near the Jamaica Plank Road adjoining the residence lately occupied by Dr. Garrison, and now by Dr. Cooper. Play to commence at 12 o'clock, noon, precisely. The ground has been considerably enlarged and improved, and is now in splendid order, and the club having secured the services of Hammond, late of the Germantown Club, Philadelphia, as their professional, members and their friends may count upon a good day's play. The best mode of reaching the ground is by the Fulton-avenue Cars, taking those marked "East New York."

AMSTERDAM CRICKET CLUB.—At a meeting of this club held on the 14th ult., the following-named gentlemen were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Wm. Parker; Secretary, Isaac Jackson, Jr., Treas., Rich. Fagan; Ground Committee, Messrs. Parker, Fagen, Neff, and Garrigan. Their practice days are Tuesday and Friday of each week. Their return match with the Ida Hill Club, of Troy, takes place this season; also, a match with the Norwich Club, of Norwich, Conn., at Hamilton, N. Y., as early as preliminaries can be arranged. Their anticipations in reference to the season of 1862 are of the most ardent description, and they hope to play many friendly matches with other clubs.

PROFESSIONAL CRICKETERS.—Prominent among these worthy members of the cricketing fraternity is Mr. Hammond formerly with the Germantown club and recently from Rochester. He is a fine medium pace round arm bowler, an active and efficient field, a first-class batsman, and withal courteous and gentlemanly in demeanor. Any club desirous of the services of a first-class professional could not do better then engage him.

JUMPING MATCH FOR $100 A SIDE.—On Saturday, April 19th, Mr. H. J. Barnes made his first professional appearance as a jumper, near Burlington, Ill. He matched himself against an Illinois gentleman by the name of Elisha Babcock. The time appointed for the event to come off was 2 o'clock, P. M., when Mr. Barnes made his appearance on the ground and commenced operations by jumping three standing jumps on a level, the distance of 39ft., being accomplished by him. Mr. Babcock being sick at the time, stakes were forfeited by him, and the same parties are to have it over again during the coming week.

A TROT ON STATEN ISLAND.—A trot came off on the Richmond Club Course, New Dorp, Staten Island, on April 15th, for $50, mile heats, to wagons, of which the following is a summary:—

Mr Ebbitt's gr g Honest George.....1 1
Mr Carman's ch m Kitty.....2 2
Time, 3:08; 3:02.

AQUATIC.

AQUATICS IN PITTSBURGH.—A correspondent writing from Pittsburgh, Pa., under date of 24th ult., sends us some interesting items relative to the boat clubs of that city, which organizations are certainly a credit to the aquatic escutcheon of the "Keystone State." He says;—"DEAR CLIPPER: As the time for aquatic sports is drawing nigh, and as it may be interesting to the readers of the CLIPPER, which in this section of the country are very numerous, I will say a little respecting our boat clubs, their number of boats, etc. The oldest and one of the best of these is the Undine, and numbered before the war broke out, some twenty-five or thirty members. This number has been somewhat reduced by the more patriotic of them enlisting in defence of "Uncle Sam." They have five boats—one eight, and three of four oars, and a scull boat—the Moonlight. It was built by Mackey, of Brooklyn, and has never yet been beaten, and is as pretty a piece of workmanship of the kind as I ever saw. Owing to their good boats, combined with their muscle and stamina, they have been very successful in their racing. Their boat house is on the Alleghany river. Next in order comes the Eclipse, whose number is about the same as the Undine. Though this club is the second oldest in the city, it has figured but very little in boat racing, being more on the pleasure system than anything else. They have three boats—an eight oar and two of four oars. Among our most prominent and promising boat clubs is the Crescent, whose boat house is situated at the foot of Ross street, on the Monongahela river. This club has about twelve members, who are much devoted to the noble exercise of rowing, and among them you can find some of our best oarsmen, and particularly scullers. Five boats comprise the "Crescent" fleet—one of eight oars, three pulling four oars, and one of two—the "Surprise." It is a Mackay make, and is one of his best patterns. It has never been in a race, though it was not the fault of its owners, as they have challenged the "Leader," of the "Jackson Club," for $100 a side, but not accepted. William Cappie, a young man of great ingenuity and talent for boat-building, has built a boat, the "Wm. Kirkwood," which he intends pitting against it this summer. Two-oared boats are scarce here, only three being the number. I must not forget the members of the "Jackson Boat Club," who so gallantly won the first prize for four oared boats, at the regattas of 1860 and 1861, making the fastest time ever made in Pittsburgh in their last race, viz: 20:13. They have four boats—two pulling four oars, a two oared, and a skull-boat. The "Calvin Adams" is the name of their fast boat, and was built by a Pittsburgher, whose name I cannot remember at present. They have about ten members, and among them can be found some of our best oarsmen, and two of the famous "Fishermen Crew." For want of correct information I will say nothing about the other clubs until next week, when you will again hear from SPORT.

YACHTING MOVEMENTS IN NOVA SCOTIA.—The annual meeting of the Royal Halifax Yacht Club was held on Saturday, April 12th, when the following officers were elected to serve during 1862:—James B. Knowlan, Commodore; James B. Duffus, Vice Com.; Wm. H. Creighton, Captain; Alex. H. Scott, Sec'y and Treasurer; Sailing Committee—John Strachan, John Pugh, R. J. Bulger, Jas. Pryor and B. Salter; Auditors—Wm. Twining and Geo. McLean. It was decided that the annual race for the Challenge Cups take place on the 7th June, the 8th falling on Sunday.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 23.

FOREIGN, DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Among the deaths recently announced is that of the Rev. Jas. White, best known to Americans as the author of "Feudal Times," "The Earl of Gowrie," and "The King of the Commons." Deceased wrote several fine plays, and was an able contributor to current British literature. His death occurred, after a long illness, in his fifty-sixth year, at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, on the 26th March.

The Dean of Carlisle, in the course of a recent intolerant attack upon some amateur actors in a volunteer corps, clearly showed that he mistobk the dates for Passion Week! The colonel of the regiment respectfully declined being convinced by the Dean's arguments.

Johp Martin, almost universally known as a comedian and prompter in Robertson & Manly's Company, died at Stamford, Lincolnshire, on the 2d April, at the age of eighty-four.

How Cupid gets ahead of all theologians is shown in a new four act melodrama, lately produced at Turin. Ira Aldridge intends going there soon. In May, three lyric theatres will be open. King Victor Emanuel is a jolly patron, although suffering much from illness.

The Italian Opera Company, at Her Majesty's, London, evidently intend to run a close race with Manager Gye, at Covent Garden. Mr. Mapleson (formerly with E. T. Smith, at Drury-lane,) is the new lessee, and if Brother Gye does not look out, Mapleson will harden him into a guy. Our Miss Kellogg is among the long list of new voices engaged, but has concluded not to go. The "Ballo in Maschera" was to be the opening piece, but not until the 29th April, three weeks after Gye's opening at Covent-garden. This being "Exhibition Year," both houses can do a good biz. if properly managed. See another paragraph in relation to Covent-Garden.

The Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers gave an amateur performance at the Princess's, London, on the 10th April. A new piece, written for the occasion, was produced. The well-known Billy Brough had the management, under the patronage of their lieutenant colonel, Earl Grosvenor, M. P.

Madame (Jenny Lind) Goldschmidt has offered to sing in oratorios, once in May, and once in June, for the benefit of two charitable institutions in London.

An immense new music hall will soon be opened in London, on the site of the former Exeter Change.

Mons. Fechter intends to come out shortly in a new play of his own composition, called "The Golden Dagger." Some point on it, no doubt.

The recent engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean at Drury Lane, London, was not at all successful. A "close for the season" took place.

Edmund Falconer's "Peep o'Day" is now on the stage in nearly all the large cities of Great Britain and Ireland. At the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, the "Author's Night" was an enthusiastic tribute. By-the-way, John Brougham commenced an engagement at that house on the 8th April. The public must have John.

Mrs. Hudson Kirby is in leading business at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth.

Barry Sullivan leaves England for Australia on the 5th May.

There is still a war going on in England between the two parties of Christy minstrels. The originals, Messrs. Wilson & Nish, are said to be doing a splendid business in their provincial tour. They were last in Nottingham and Birmingham. E. Warden has joined this company lately. G. W. Moore has made quite a hit since his appearance as "Brudder Bones;" his old place is still occupied by Crocker, who is favorably spoken of as a tamborinist, and as the best Bob Ridley in the country. With the other party, Christy's No. 2, W. P. Collins, proprietor, Dave Wambold is the tenor singer, and Burbank the Bob Ridley. They are playing in London, but will leave there in a few weeks.

Mert Sexton was lying very ill in London, at last accounts. It is thought that he will return home on his recovery.

Mackney, the great, was also very ill, and the physicians thought that he would not be able to perform again.

The house of G. W. Moore, of Christy's minstrels, was broken into a short time since, and valuables to the amount of £150 taken. Nothing had been heard of the depredators.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence had a fine house at their parlor entertainment in Manchester.

The Easter novelties for the London theatres promised well at the latest advices. The Olympic has "Fair Rosamond" as an extravaganza, by F. C. Barnard. The Strand has a burlesque on "Pizarro," by Leicester Buckingham.

At the Royal Lyceum, London, the bill has not been changed since Christmas day. The "Peep o' Day" and "Little Red Riding Hood" hold the stage. This "Peep o' Day" is the truly original version, by Edmund Falconer, manager of the Lyceum.

The recent Paris papers record the death of Mons. Emile Vanderbuch, author of "Le Gamin de Paris," and many other dramatic works. That here named furnished the foundation for one of Bourcicault's recent adaptations, transposing the boyish hero from Paris to Dublin! The death of Vanderbuch occurred in his sixty-eighth year.

Manager Henderson has lively times at the Prince of Wales, Liverpool. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan, having closed a very brilliant engagement. Mr. and Mrs. H. Watkins commenced on the 31st March. M'lle. Albina di Rhona also joined this house on the 7th April.

The Brothers Pentland, Young Ducrow, etc., are last heard of at Newsome's Circus, Northampton, where the biz. is under the patronage of the noblemen and gentlemen who are stewards of the races.

Our Adelina Patti seems to act as a sort of musical "Monitor" among the wooden thingumies in Europe. On her recent arrival in Amsterdam, his Dutch Majesty was just about starting for The Hague, but very sensibly delayed his departure until after the performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor," so that he might hear the little warbler. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed at the City Theatre; the king was profuse in his acknowledgements, and then departed in a special train at midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews commenced a new style of entertainment at Easter. A more varied programme has been arranged by H. J. Byron, somewhat in the style of that given by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul. Their Bijou Theatre is now fitted up with some scenery, and Mr. Hall, the musical director, has furnished some new compositions.

Miss Avonia Jones, with Gustavus P. Brooke and Richard Younge, have been astonishing the Yorkshire folks at Hull, Eng., and concluded a very profitable engagement on the 5th April.

Jim Myers and his circus company were at the Adelphi, Liverpool, for the first two weeks in April.

There appears to be some "spread eagle" business and talk in England as well as here, as may be seen in the recent opening of the Spread Eagle Music Hall, Kingsland Road, London. This was formerly a concert room, but is now one of the most beautiful music halls in London. It is small but certainly "on the spread." The opening took place on the 31st March. Messrs. Whittet & Co. are the proprietors. William Knowles, musical director; Hildebrandt and Ormond do the negro minstrelsy; the Brothers Elliott and Four Sons do the acrobatic; and Signor Castello does the balancing and tumbling. Among the vocalists are Messrs. Marcus Wilkinson, R. Walton, Nat Brooks, Whitwell, Douglas, Albert, G. J. Hartley, etc., with Mesdames Jenny Stanley, C. Stanley, Louther, Emma Kerridge, etc. Let the music halls spread.

Actresses are like gift horses—they have no age; but, when they have been on the stage for fifty years, people will make remarks. Such was the case recently at the Rotterdam Theatre, when Madame Stoopendaal took her farewell. Laurel crowns, and more substantial crowns, were presented to the lady. Complimentary addresses were delivered by deputations of the very highest respectability, and the public had to part with a charming favorite.

A new organization for a minstrel company, to be called the Royal British Minstrels, is going on in England. They have Ford as tenor, Morrow as basso, Glover as harpist, etc. They have been well received at Middlesborough and other places.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence are so successful with their new style of entertainment, (somewhat like that of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul), that theatrical managers are not very likely to obtain their services again on a regular stage.

Penny readings have been successfully started at Ipswich. The entertainment consists of recitations and songs. A local critic finds serious fault with a comic song called "Billy Nutts." We are not acquainted with the merits of the case, but suppose it is the old game of preventing poor people from being happy.

Donizetti's "Don Sebastian" is to be the first novelty produced by Manager Gye's Italian Opera Company at Covent Garden, but "William Tell" was to be the opening piece on the 8th April.

BILLIARDS IN ENGLAND.

JOHN BATCHELOR, OF BRIGHTON, AND C. GIBSON, OF MANCHESTER, FOR £25 A SIDE, 500 UP; AND FIRST SEVEN GAMES OF PYRAMIDS, FOR £25 A SIDE, BATCHELOR GIVING TWO BALLS.—The result of the matches played between these celebrated men on March 20th, (when, it will be remembered, that, contrary to general expectation, Batchelor was the victor at billiards, and the vanquished at pyramids—his own game) not having satisfied either the players or their backers, a return match was fixed to come off on Wednesday, April 9th, and, notwithstanding the "pelting of the pitiless storm," it drew together sufficient admirers of the game to fill Joe Cantoni's Rooms in Sloane street to repletion. As on the former occasion, billiards commenced the proceedings at 8:35, Batchelor making the first score (the betting being even) —Gibson 29, Batchelor 27. Gibson here made 30 off the balls (6 to 4 on Gibson offered)—Gibson 64, Batchelor 28. Batchelor played a break of 34 very cleverly, and altered the position of the game to Gibson 67, Batchelor 96 (5 to 4 on Batchelor). At 100 (time, 27 minutes), Gibson again took the lead, marking 122 to Batchelor's 111 (6 to 4 again laid upon Gibson), who scored from the next break 18, and Batchelor followed suit with 31. The tally now marked 165 *all*. Gibson once more took the lead, making it Gibson 184, Batchelor 174. Batchelor again reduced the majority to 2; but at Gibson's 200, Batchelor stood at 185 (time, 50 min.) Gibson here took a decided lead, and 7 to 4 was laid upon him. Batchelor again played two breaks of 18 and 20, and the game now stood Gibson 300, Batchelor 266. Gibson now made 22, and Batchelor missed an easy-losing hazard, leaving a fine opening for Gibson, who improved the occasion, and placed such a distance between himself and his competitor that no efforts of the latter could reduce, and, laying to his work, he here scored a fine break of 55, making a total of 432 to 327. Batchelor still persevered, and obtained 38 off his next break in excellent style, making the game—Gibson 447, Batchelor 372 (4 to 1 on Gibson), who played another good break, bringing the score to Gibson 477, Batchelor 409. Batchelor another break of 15—Gibson 494, Batchelor 451. Cautious play was now the order, but it was too late, and the scorer called Gibson 500, Batchelor's tally only amounting to 455, thus leaving him in a minority of 45, two hours exactly being occupied by the game. After a short respite for refreshment, the cues were again in requisition, and pyramids, which is considered Batchelor's *forte*, commenced. Betting again even, the two balls given by Bachelor being considered excessive odds to be conceded to so firm and promising a player as Gibson. The result proved the accuracy of the handicapping, the whole thirteen games having to be played out before the palm of victory could be awarded. It fell on this occasion to Bachelor, after some of the closest-contested games ever witnessed, as the score will testify:—Batchelor won the first by 7 balls, second by 5, fifth by 7, seventh by 9, tenth by 1, eleventh by 1, thirteenth by 5—total, 7. Gibson won the third by 3 balls, fourth by 3, sixth by 3, eighth by 3, ninth by 3, twelfth by 1—total 6.

GEORGE MULBERRY AND HENRY EVANS.—This match of 750 up took place at Thomas Mulberry's Rooms, 42 George street, Richmond, late of the Talbot Hotel, on Tuesday, April 8, and, from the celebrity of the players, attracted a good muster. The betting at starting was even. The first 100 was played very even, when Mulberry made a break of 54, and the score became—Mulberry, 167; Evans, 103. Evans then made breaks of 37, 40, and 45. Mulberry then went to work and made some fine breaks of 71, 64, 57, &c., and by steady play increased his lead, and finally won the match by 309 points, the score being—Mulberry, 750; Evans, 441. Time, 2 hours 20 minutes.

QUOITING.—We understand that Mr. Drysdale, the celebrated draught player, won the principal prize in the quoiting matches which took place in this city on the 23d of April.

LADY GAMBLERS OF ENGLAND.—Lady Byron, the lately deceased wife of Lord Byron, the poet, latterly never mixed in society, and even some twelve years since, looked completely broken. She possessed a highly cultivated mind, which she trained under the severest discipline of mathematics, of which science she was passionately fond. Her daughter "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," inherited this passion, but, unfortunately for herself, carried it into a dangerous field. For some years, wholly unknown to her husband, she had, through an agent, a Mr. Kreelake, bet large sums on the turf, and was, down to Teddington's year, a large winner. Lured on by success, and doubtless hoping to make a large coup, she ventured out of her depth, and laid immense sums against the horse Teddington. At the settling, Mr. Kreelake being unable to pay his debts, the story had to be told. Lord Lovelace, with unbending honor, paid the whole amount, somewhere near $300,000, but Lady Lovelace never recovered from the pain and suffering this exposure brought, and died in Italy soon after. This passion of gaming was not confined to Ada alone of the female British aristocracy. Perhaps the strangest feature of the railway excitement in England was the eagerness with which ladies leaped into it. These bright gamblers gathered each morning round the share list, with the same eager passion with which they might be seen to-day round the faro table at Baden, or round the Parisian gambling booth some century since. They were far more unscrupulous and daring than the men, and if many lost, many also won.

The most brilliant of the band is the present Dowager Marchioness of Aylesbury, one of the most dazzling and dashing women in England of the Lady Gay Spanker school. A first-rate whip, and charming horsewoman, her presence in the Park, with her profusion of fair curls, as with the grace of an Amazon she directs, preceded by her out-riders, her fiery steeds down the row, always wakes great wonder and admiration among the gaping loungers of the rails. Of her operations during the railway management, she never made any concealment. Indeed, her light, airy carriage might be often seen hanging in Cheapside between two burly omnibusses, or gliding, fairy-like, among a huge bundle of baggage-carts, during the "heated term," as Mr. Merriam would term it, which usually precedes a storm. Her late lord, who was of the Dolly Spanker school, used to look on his lady's exploits with a stupid joy. At one time she was said to have realized $500,000, under the advice of Mr. Hudson, of whom her rank and fashion made her a special pet, and out of whose keeping she used, with playful coquetry, to coax the most important secrets of railway state.

A HOUSEHOLD RECEIPT OF THE YEAR 1860.—"Take a goose, duck, or some such lively creature, pull off her feathers, only head and neck must be spared; make a fire round about her so that the smoke may not choke, nor the fire burn her too soon; when she roasteth and consumeth inwardly, wet her head with a wet sponge, and when you see her giddy with running and begin to stumble, she is roasted enough. Then take her up, set her before guests—and she will cry as you cut any part off from her, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead; it is mighty pleasant to behold!"

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MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,
AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN JAMES.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER THREE.

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE TIPTON SLASHER.

I write this at a village called Handsworth, about three miles from Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, precisely half way between London and Liverpool and the highest point in England. On one side of Handsworth is a place called the "Cape of Good Hope"—on the other, "Nineveh," and it is quite a common occurrence for one to walk to the Cape of Good Hope in the morning, and to Nineveh in the afternoon, for exercise. About half a mile up the road to Dudley, in Booth street, is a railroad station, part of the Great Western Line, and from here I "insured" myself for Wolverhampton, twelve miles distant, and the home of the renowned Tipton Slasher. It may read strange to "insure" yourself on a railway, but in England it is carried on quite extensively and proves very remunerative to the company, which is separate from the railroad concern. In almost every railway depot in Great Britain, a stranger will see posted in various parts of the room, large placards to the effect that "One person in every twelve is injured yearly by accident!" "No extra premium for volunteers!" "£75,000 has been already paid as compensation!" etc. Now to timid or nervous people this sort of thing has a directly opposite effect from that intended, for they do not "see the attractive notice about" one in every dozen being killed or maimed yearly" in its proper light, but as figures are presumed never to lie, it won't do to doubt the company's assertions. On the payment of £3 annually, £1000 is secured to relatives should an accident prove fatal; if it does not, £6 is allowed weekly during the illness resulting from such accident. The company's capital is said to be £1,000,000, and its annual increase £40,000. A person can also be insured short distances for a trifling amount, to a man of family, or any one travelling much by rail, this assurance system is not a bad institution. There have been instances where parties got injured intentionally to recover damages, but where any suspicion exists in cases of this kind, a very strict and searching examination takes place, when, if the charge is proved in the company's favor, ten chances to one the impostor is furnished with board, work, and lodging gratis, in one of the public institutions.

Having purchased a return ticket for Wolverhampton, and the train being just about to start, I had barely time to enter the carriage and seat myself by a young lady in deep morning, when the guard gave a whistle, and we were off. Consulting "Bradshaw's Railway Guide," a monthly pamphlet of 100 pages, containing the official time-table of all railways in the United Kingdom, it appeared there were five stopping places before reaching the desired point, viz: West Bromwich, Swan Village, Medresburg, Bilston, and Priestfield, all noted coal and iron marts, and known as the "Black Country" from the numerous factories, with their towering chimnies blazing and smoking from Monday morning to Saturday night, all the year round. It is impossible for my unpraticed pen to describe the effect of this continual black, smoky state of the atmosphere, but I can give an idea by stating that at Birmingham the sun shone out brilliantly on starting, but became totally eclipsed by smoke ere the first stopping place was made, and continued so until after passing Priestfield, when Old Sol again appeared in all his glory. How many little bridges crossed or tunnels explored in the short half hour on the road I couldn't enumerate, they were "legion," to borrow an expressive phrase. Except inquiring about the diffent stations interspersed with a few desultory remarks on the weather, the young lady "opened not her mouth," although I endeavored to be sociable for various reasons; the principal, perhaps, being a desire to form the acquaintance of some heiress or other in want of a partner for life. [Between ourselves, Mr. Queen, there are a deuced sight more paupers and lunatics than marriageable-young-ladies-with-an-income around Handsworth, for scarcely ten minutes walk from my residence is the prison, workhouse, and lunatic asylum; every fine Sunday some twenty or thirty of the madmen go past my window in company with their keepers for a walk and to breathe the pure air of heaven, so necessary to any one afflicted in mind.] Towards 12 M. on the 31st December, 1861, we all safely arrived at Wolverhampton, and each proceeded on their way.

Knowing as little of the town as of the Jersey wilderness, and not wishing to show my verdancy, I followed in the wake of the majority, up a number of stone steps and dark arches (lit up with gas, day and night) until daylight dawned, and found myself in a long inclosed walk with a massive stone arch in the distance; this reached, and passing along Queen street, where the General Post Office stands, I entered a public-house, the Hand-in-Hand, (same name as the *cafe* in Duke street, Tooley street, London, where somebody got dead beat,) and, after "smiling," inquired of the dashing female waiter whether the Tipton was likely to be found at home that day; she thought "yes," but offered no clue to his whereabouts. "I'm blessed if I arn't forgot weer he keeps," said I, Brummagem fashion; to which she answered: "By gooin' down the fust street to the right, you'll see Wars'l street, and it's theer you'll find him!" With a polite bow, and thanking her cordially in my native tongue, I proceeded as directed through some of the narrowest, filthiest, ugliest streets imaginable, with barely room for a single foot-passenger on the walk, and just enough for one cart on the road, until the celebrated pugilistic hero's house hove in sight by its massive sign, "The Bricklayers Arms," jutting out some feet over the door-way. Before entering, an examination of the neighborhood occurred to me as a good idea to see how the coast stood for getting home should anything detain me after dark, and having explored the adjoining streets satisfactorily, nothing was left but to confer with the Slasher.

Some half a dozen steps led into the hall, on the left of which is the sitting-room, on the right stands the bar, while back of that the parlor is situated; into the first-named my ideas inclined, and there after requesting a pint of sixpenny, awaited with a bold front the appearance of the illustrious host. Except one of Her Majesty's red coats, with his change of linen in a cheap "wipe" slung over his shoulder, the room was without a customer. There were two rough unpainted stationary tables and similar seats round the walls; in a Dutch oven some two pounds of steak was cooking before a roaring, gigantic fire, filled up to where the chimney took its curve, and containing about half a cwt. of coal, although the day was warm as summer. The only other article of furniture was a wretchedly executed lithograph of the Tipton in fighting costume, from an oil painting, as he "used to was." A man can take pleasure in looking at some of the famous boxers stripped and with hands up, but, candidly, to gaze on Bill Perry in that picture would bring a smile to even the classic and statuesque physiognomy of a Mayor Wood! There he stands (not Ferdy) a bulky mountain of flesh, bone, and sinew, with frightful knock-knees, flat feet, and the clumsiest position ever given to a fighting-man. Now of course I don't want to cast any slurs at Mr. Perry, but the artist (?) that designed that picture ought to do just one more, and then "go to Coventry" for the remainder of his days. While musing on this evident imitation of the letter K, Mrs. Perry, a fine, buxom, handsome, fresh-looking matron came in with the "sixpenny" and to look after the steak at the fire; she at once got chatting about the weather, business, etc., in a very sociable manner, which encouraged me to request a personal interview with her gallant lord on particular business. Mrs. P. doubted if the "Marster" could spare time, as he had to be in Walsall by two o'clock, and hadn't yet made his toilet; however, she kindly told him a gentleman (ahem!) was down stairs awaiting his pleasure. Coming back with the Slasher's "unmentionables" over her arm to air by the fire, I congratulated myself on seeing at least the covering of that extraordinary pair of legs! Presently the Young Slasher, a bright, intelligent, well-dressed boy of about seven years, came rollicking in for his dinner; agreeably with the old adage, youth was served, for Perry, jr., got the first installment of steak, and even had the audacity to "ask for more!" His wishes and appetite were gratified by his good-natured mother, and off the little Tipton trotted to play with his schoolfellows.

At about half-past one, "with slow and measured step," the veritable Bill Perry, or Tipton Slasher, ex-Champion of England, and opponent of the formidable Freeman, of gigantic proportions and great prowess, came nearer and nearer until reaching the doorway, (which necessitated his stooping considerably to save his crown from a collision,) when your 120lb scribbler stood face to face with one of England's most powerful and fearless champions. Touching my beaver very gracefully (as I thought) to Mr. Perry, I put the usual query as to how he was, and received a very civil answer; the Slasher, with a shuffling gait, set his "200" down on a bench, and the "missus proceeded to lay before him the contents of the Dutch oven, with vegetables, etc.; Tipton asked me if I had dined, and I replied that I had, but adding inaudibly "yesterday," to avoid perjuring myself. The things soon disappeared into his "breadbasket," and a huge piece of boiled pork, with a small loaf and pot of ale, served as dessert. Now, with all respect to Mr. Perry's kind offer, I should like to know where *my* share was to come from. Can anybody tell? All the time consumed in eating by Perry, I never spoke, believing in the established fact that it is bad policy to request any favor from an empty stomach, but rather wait until a jolly good meal has been disposed of, when if *ever* a man is good-tempered, it is then, and then only. The masticating ceremony over, it was the hour for the junior's school-time, and before going he came rollicking along for the accustomed kiss and blessing from his mother and father. It was something grand to watch and contemplate the tenderness and affection thus displayed between the weather-beaten, tough, and fearless old pugilist towards his offspring—an incident which should drive to the wall all the narrow, bigoted assertions launched forth to the effect that prize-fighters lack the fine feelings and susceptibilities of those nursed in the lap of ease and luxury. Having seen enough to satisfy me that the burly giant was not half so cross-grained as rumor had made him out to be, I came out plainly and told him my errand—to procure a small portrait as a memento of the visit and interview. With a piercing look, he replied he would never sit again for anybody, and hinted about having done so once or twice before, where the parties "promised to pay," but never came forward, and he was not going to be fooled again. Another long pause until an excuse to go on occurred by the tankard being empty, when I chimed out, "Another pot of your very best ale, if you please!" and turning to the landlord, asked him to imbibe. In a gutteral sound he respectfully declined, but calling to the "missus" he told her to bring that picture of his. Madame soon found it, and sent her daughter in with it, thus enabling me to see the entire Perry family. Beckoning me over, the Tipton carefully opened the case, and said: "What d'ye think of that?" "It is really an excellent, life-like portrait," says I, "and could be copied with very little trouble." Perry "didn't see it," or rather the copying part, but proceeded to narrate how he got it, which occurred in this wise: the Marquis of Waterford and himself were on a bit of a time, and the thought struck "my noble Marquis" that a picture of the Slasher would no doubt be most acceptable, and without counting the cost, or caring for it, he invited his friend, Perry, into a celebrated gallery, where, at a tariff of £30, he had one taken of himself and another of the Slasher, paying out £15 apiece—rather a tall figure for a daguerreotype no bigger than the dollar photographs of New-York! Still, in those days, the price was considered nothing extraordinary, because the science existed only in a very imperfect state, except with those of extensive means, and the very best artists. The plate on which they were taken is of solid silver, and though it is now some fifteen or more years ago, Perry's daguerreotype is as clear as though it were produced but the other day. The old gentleman fairly dotes on it, since the Marquis proved his greatest friend up to the end of his public career as a pugilist, even introducing him into the most aristocratic society of dukes and duchesses, as "my friend, the Tipton Slasher." On the broad democratic platform of everybody being free and equal, all this sounds very well, but when men of Bill Perry's heft and calibre request the hand of Her most High and Mighty Grace, the Duchess of O'Meas, for the next sett, it borders on the ridiculous, in my worthless opinion. What do you think?

Mr. Perry then escorted me to the parlor where hung the old-fashioned oil-painting from which the lithograph had been copied, for an idea of which your readers will call to mind an old likeness published years ago in the CLIPPER, or, if that is not handy, Butler, of the Chelsea Manor, has one in his house on the 9th Avenue. This I mentioned to my entertainer, but he denied it point blank, and rather than bandy words or argument, I subsided. Remembering he had a call, Mr. P. proceeded to dress, and stating that he would be back in an hour or two, left the house. This *was* interesting; but I was bound to wait and see if anything further turned up about getting his phiz, if it took all night to find out. From half-past two until half-past six found me sitting in the same spot, meditating on the uncertainty of all earthly expectations, At the latter hour a little amusement was stirred up by a chap tumbling into the room, with his wife at his heels, blackguarding him unmercifully for his drunken, lazy habits, while herself and children were half starving; this was the substance of it, from casual words I understood, as the women here speak in a language between Welsh, Scotch, and Greek. The abused husband was about taking the poker to her, but by mild persuasion I induced him to lay aside the murderous weapon, and soon afterwards both left, and the welcome face of the Tipton Slasher again added quietness to the scene. He missed the train for Walsall, and, after transacting some other business, he had come home again. "Not gone yet, I see," he said, on passing the door. "Not yet, sir" says I. "Mary, just bring that other box to show this gentleman," and Mary did so. "Now, there's a thing cost me four shillings, but I'm blest if I can make anything out on it!" A gleam of hope arose in my breast, for the "thing" turned out to be an excellent negative, and now came the tug of war! "What should you think if I was to get you a photograph on paper, printed from that piece of glass, without you sitting at all, or even stirring from this room?" "Nonsense—it's impossible!" But may I hunt up a photographer and ask him?" "It's of no use talking like that, for I know it carn't be done." "Well, Mr. Perry, if you'll allow me to have some friend of your own to go with me to an artist, I will guaranty it *can* be done, and will also pay for the privilege of getting one, so that, should he not be able to print one to-morrow, you will know, by sending some one, where the photographer lives, and be able to get any quantity you wish, at a trifling cost." Whether the Slasher began to be less incredulous, or whether to gratify my enthusiasm, I cannot say, but he agreed to let a friend go with the negative, and, taking advantage of his knowledge of the town, by leaving who should be the copyist to his own judgment, we soon compromised the matter, and, bidding the Tipton a hearty good-bye, at the same time cordially thanking him for such a peculiar favor, we made our way to a Mr. C. Webb's, 33 Queen street, and by giving half-a-crown and my residence, he agreed to forward me a duplicate through the post, in a few days, which has since arrived, and been added to my unequalled collection.

In height, Bill Perry, or the Tipton Slasher, is over six feet, has a rather dry-looking complexion, light brown hair, long face, with the under lip slightly protruding, which gives his otherwise quiet face a tinge of the genus bull-dog. His legs and feet are far from graceful to the eye, but, nevertheless, have answered him right well as a pugilist, for it is ssserted that nobody could ever knock him off those zig-zag pedals unless it answered his purpose to go down. Those who have seen him spar, speak of the treat as being an excellent panacea for the blues; it is impossible to keep a sober face with the big 'un first waddling on one side, then the other, like a duck, while his knees touch, and below, the limbs gradually recede from each other, until there is over a yard from one foot to the other. There's no mistaking the Slasher when you have once seen him, depend upon it. Though living in very plain style, he is reputed to be wealthy, owning considerable property, and numerous cabs, hansoms, etc., in Manchester. Let us hope such is the case, for his own sake. His early occupation is not generally known, some asserting him a "black diamond," or miner; others say he was formerly a "navvie." His career in the ring is as follows:—Born in 1819; beat Barney Dougherty, 7 rounds, Nov. 3, 1835—Dougherty's first and last appearance; beat Ben Spilsbury, 19 rounds, Dec. 27, 1836—Ben's only fight; beat Jem Scunner, the Gornel Champion, 1 h, 31 rds, Nov. 22, 1837—nothing further is recorded of Jem; forfeited £15 to Deaf Burke, July 7, 1842; met Charley Freeman, the American Giant, Dec. 14, 1842, in a field near Sawbridgenorth, and fought 70 rounds in 84 min, when darkness came on; met again Dec. 16, but police interfered; beaten by the American Giant in Cliffe Marshes, near Gravesend, Dec. 20, 1842, 38 rounds, 39 minutes; fought Tass Parker, 67 rounds, 95 m, Dec. 19, 1843—police interfered; beat Tass Parker, 133 rounds, 152 m, Feb. 27, 1844; repeated the favor Aug. 4, 1846, in 27 m, 23 rounds; forfeited to Con Parker, Sept., 1849; draw with Paddock, Aug. 22, 1850—no fight, but a financial draw; beat Paddock, 27 rounds, 42 m, Dec. 17, '50; beaten by Harry Broome (Championship) 15 rounds, 33 minutes, Sept. 29, 1851; received £25 forfeit from H. B., Aug., 1853; do. £70 from Aaron Jones, 1856; do. £80 from Paddock, October 2, 1856; beaten by Tom Sayers (Championship) in 10 rounds, 102 min, June 16, 1857. Having thus written up all that is of importance, it is unnecessary to enter into the comparative merits of his opponents—they are already too well known. The Slasher's first half dozen battles were for small amounts, and, strange to relate, not a penny is mentioned in "Fistiana" as stakes, when he fought Charley Freeman. The peculiar forte of William's was a perfect indifference to punishment; his partizans "allow" he's harder than nails, and refuse to be comforted for letting Sayers get away with him so easily. I have now disposed of the renowned Wm. Perry, Esq., the companion of the Marquis of Waterford, and other noblemen, and with your permission, dear sir, if also agreeable to the noble army of CLIPPER-readers, I will proceed homewards.

In going back (after calling on a friend at the "Crown," Bristol street, Mr. Geo. Turton, for a glass of his unequalled bitter ale,) I found the scenery terribly grand, for it was now dark, and a thousand lighted chimnies shot forth their fiery contents heavenwards in a continual blaze. To persons not prepared for this sight, a feeling of horror creeps over one, for I can conceive of no nearer resemblance to Pandemomium than the route from Handsworth to Wolverhampton at night. Along a part of the line are extensive coal mines in working order, and the railway runs directly over them, causing unpleasant feelings in case an accident should happen by the earth giving way; had anything of the kind occurred, you would never have received this, MR. QUEEN, that's certain!

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. C., Batavia, N. J.—Thank you for the corrections; see 'em below. The Bishop on K Kt 4th *was* White—before too much worn out. New type now. Wish all our contributors were as considerate.

JOHN SCHLESINGER.—We have addressed you a note at the "Morphy." Reply soon.

ERRATUM.—One of those jangles that appear to be occasionally an inseparable companion to Chess editing and Chess proof reading, happened to our Problem No. 323. The White Kt on K 2d, should have been the White *King*, and the White B on K B 2d, should have been a *Black Bishop*.

ENIGMA No. 326.

From the Manchester (Eng.) Express and Review.

BY J. H. BLACKBURNE.

at Q R 6, K 3, Q 5, Q B 5th.

at Q R sq, Q B sq, K Kt 4, Q 3, K B 3d.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

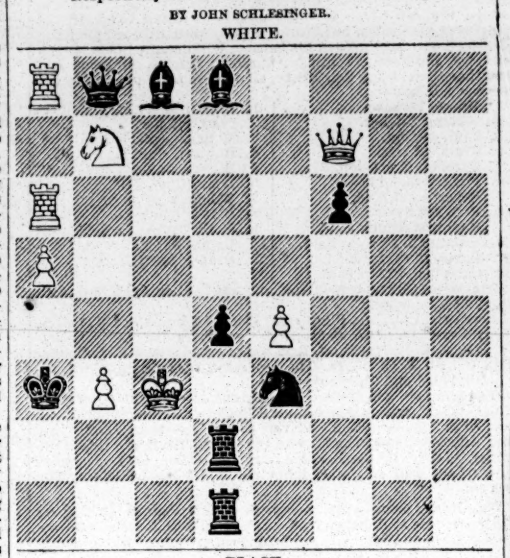
PROBLEM No. 326.

The following masterly and elegant stratagem has before appeared in the CLIPPER, but was incorrect.

Respectfully inscribed to C. H. WATERBURY, Esq.

BY JOHN SCHLESINGER.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and compel White to give mate in six moves.

GAME No. 326.

Contested some little time since in Cincinnati between Master Victor Abraham, 12 years of age, and another amateur of Cincinnati, forwarded by our contributor J. D. A.

KING'S KT'S OPENING.

Attack, Master V. A.	Defence, Amateur.	Attack, Master V. A.	Defence, Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	25..R to Q 8 +	K to Kt 2
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	26..R-Q 7 +	K-Kt sq
3..P-Q 3(*a*)	P-Q 4	27..R × Kt P	R × B P +
4..K P × P	Q × Q 2d P	28..K-Q Kt 3	R × Kt P
5..P-Q R 3	Q B-B 4	29..R-Kt 8 + (*c*)	K-Q Kt 2
6..Q Kt-B 3	Q-K 3	30..Kt-Q 8 +	K-Q B 2
7..Q B-K 3	Castles	31..K-Q R 3	Kt-B 7 +
8..Q-K 2	P-Q Kt 3	32..K-Q R 4	Kt-his 5
9..Castles	K Kt-B 3	33..K Kt-K 6 +	K-Q Kt 2
10..Q B-Kt 5	P-K R 3	34..R-Kt 7 +	K-Kt sq
11..Q B × Kt	Q × Q B	35..K B-Q 7	B- his 7 +
12..P-K R 3	P-K 5	36..K-Q R 3	Q R-Q 7
13..Q P × P	Q R × R +	37..R-Kt 8 +	K-Kt 2
14..Q × Q R	Q B-Kt 3	38..B-Q B 8 +	K-Q B 3
15..K B-R 6 +	K-Kt sq	39..R-K Kt 7	P-Q Kt 4
16..Q-her 7	K B × R P	40..R-Q B 7 +	K-Q Kt 3
17..P-K 5 (*b*)	B × Kt P +	41..R-Kt 7 +	K-Q B 3
18..K × K B	Q-K 3	42..R × Kt P	Q Kt-Q 6
19..Q × Q	B P × Q	43..K Kt-Q 8 +	K-Q B 2
20..B-Q B 4	K R-K sq	44..Q Kt-Q 5 +	K × K B
21..K R-Q sq	Kt-Q Kt 5	45..P-K 6 (*d*)	Q R-K 7
22..K Kt-Q 4	P-Q B 4	46..P-K 7	Kt-Q B 8
23..B-Q Kt 5	R-K B sq	47..R-Kt 7, and the Defence resigns.	
24..K Kt × P	R × B P		

(*a*) This move, introduced so early in the Attack, always admits of a vigorous counter-assault.

(*b*) Such a charge as that to which he is now subjected, commonly throws young players off their equanimity, but the self-possession and clear-sightedness with which Master A. meets this, augurs well for his future.

(*c*) He quite adroitly contrives to avoid the disaster threatened by B to his 7 (ch.)

(*d*) The termination is certainly commendable, and adds to the promising opinion of Master A.'s play. If he has improved as much we are sure he may have done, we should be happy to receive a few of the best of his present season's encounters.

Off-hand *partie* recently played in Paris between Herren Kolisch and Schulten.—*Ill. London News.*

KIESERITZKY GAMBIT.

Kolisch.	Schulten.	Kolisch.	Schulten.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	16..K B to Kt 3	P to Q R 4
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	17..P-Q R 3	P-K Kt 4
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	18..Q B-Q 2	Q Kt-R 3
4..P-K R 4	P-K Kt 5	19..Q R-K sq	Q Kt-B 2
5..K Kt-K 5	K B-K 2(*e*)	20..Kt-Q 6 +	K B × Kt
6..K B-B 4	B × R P +	21..K P × B dis +	Q Kt-K 3
7..K-his B sq	K Kt-R 3	22..P-Q 5	B P × P
8..Kt × Kt P	K Kt × Kt	23..K B × P	Q R-his 3
9..Q × K Kt	K B-Kt 4	24..Q B-his 3	K R-Kt sq
10..Q-K R 5	Q-K B 3	25..Q B-K 5	Q R-Kt 3
11..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q B 3	26..K R × P	P-K Kt 5
12..P-K 5	Q-K Kt 3	27..Q R-Q sq	K R-B sq (*f*)
13..Q × Q	B P × Q	28..K B × kt	P-K B 6
14..Q Kt-K 4	K B-K 2	29..K B × Kt P	B P × P ++
15..P-Q 4	P-Q Kt 4	30..K-Kt sq, and must win.	

(*e*) This defence is not so trustworthy as 5..K Kt to B 3d.

(*f*) Had he played 27..K R to Kt 4th, the following is a plausible continuation;—

27..	K R to Kt 4	30..Q R × B	K R × B
28..K B × Kt	Q P × B	31..R-Q R 7, and the Attack wins.	
29..P-Q 7 +	Q B × P		

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. M. HARWICH, Harwich, C. W.—18 to 15 do you write?

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY, Painsville, Vt.—Is it your turn next?

ON THE SQUARE,—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Corrected according to request.

SCRANTON, Scranton, Pa.—See present issue.

JAMES H. BURNHAM, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—Position appears this week. Call again.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Scranton, April 18, 1862.—MR. EDITOR: In the American Draught Player there is a game I would like to have explained. It is the Double Corner Game, Variation 5th, the 51st move from the commencement of the game, and next to the last move in the game. The White men stand on 3, 11, 20, 21, 23; Black men on 2, 10, 14, 15, 30. It is White's move. The Book says move 3 to 7, and Black wins. Wont 3 to 8 draw for White? If not, please show me Black's move after White has made this move, and oblige, Yours, &c., SCRANTON.

CARD.—New York, April 22, 1862.—DRAUGHT EDITOR—Sir: I wish to say to H. L. that the credit of the correction of the "Maid of the Mill" in the CLIPPER of the 29th ult., belonged to A. H. Mercer. It was published in the H. T. as a Position at the 11th move of Black, August 7th, by him, and Game and Solution given the next week. The same thing was published move for move in the CLIPPER, August 26th, long enough time to get to Buffalo and back again. I accused "L of the W." at the time, of stealing other people's thunder, but I suppose my note was mislaid. Give credit to whom credit is due.

Now, "H. L.," don't insult me by stating that the move 12 to 16, in Game 46 is by "Express." The credit of that move belongs exclusively to the self-styled champion of Buffalo. 14 to 10 will win, but he don't play it that way. In the corrections sent by me, I do not say which are the winning or losing moves, but to show up the A. D. P. to be a *perfect* book of blunders.

Yours, &c., EXPRESS.

ANOTHER CORRECTION OF THE A. D. P.—New York, April 8, 1862. DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—Sir: The Game below is from the Book of Draughts, compiled by Spayth. Yours, &c., EXPRESS.

GAME No. 3—VOL. X.

CROSS.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..11 to 15		33 to 19		12..18 to 27		32 to 23	
2.. 8	11	27	23	13.. 9	14	22	18
3.. 4	8	23	19	14..15	22	25	9
4.. 9	14	18	9	15.. 5	14	29	25
5.. 6	14	22	17	16..11	15	25	22
6.. 2	18	17	14	17.. 8	11	30	26
7.. 1	17	21	14	18.. 2	7	24	20
8.. 5	10	14	7	19..15	24	28	19
9.. 1	10	26	22	20..11	15	20	16
10.. 1	5	31	27	21..15	24	22	18
11.. 6	9	(*a*)27	23	22..12	19	(*b*)18	9
						Drawn.	

Correction by W. H. Burn, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(*a*)

11..		24	20	17..18	25	29	22
12..15	31	22	6	18.. 7	10	22	18
13.. 9	14	6	1	19.. 5	9	1	5
14.. 2	7	32	27	20..10	14	30	25
15..31	24	28	19	21..14	23	5	14
16..14	18	25	22			White wins.	

(*b*) Mr. Spayth says he always shows the draw moves first, and then the lost moves. Is this case an exception, or is it the rule?

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 2—VOL. X.

BY C. ANDREWS.

White.		Black.	
1..25	22	7	16
2..30	25	21	30
3..29	25	30	21
4..22	17	21	14
5.. 6	10, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 3—Vol. X.

BY ON THE SQUARE.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1.. 2 to 7*		30 to 25(A)		10..11 to 16		10 to 15	
2.. 5	9	25	21	11.. 8	12	15	11
3.. 7	11	23	19	12..16	19	11	16
4.. 3	8	19	15	13..19	23	16	20
5..10	19	17	14	14..23	27	20	24
6..19	23	14	5	15..27	32	24	19
7..23	26	5	1	16..32	28	19	23
8..26	30	1	6	17..28	24	23	26
9..30	25	6	10	18..24	19, and wins.		

* If 5 to 9—called by W. S. Knight the "move that does it"—White draws easily by 23 to 19.

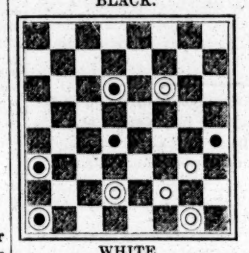
(A)

1..		18	14	8..30	25	22	18
2..10	15	23	18	9..25	30	10	6
3..15	19	18	15	10..30	26	15	11
4..19	23	30	25	11..26	23	18	15
5..23	26	25	21	12..23	18	6	1
6..26	30	14	10	13..13	17	21	14
7.. 7	14	17	10	14..18	9, and wins.		

POSITION No. 4—Vol. X.

BY JAMES H. BURNHAM.

BLACK.

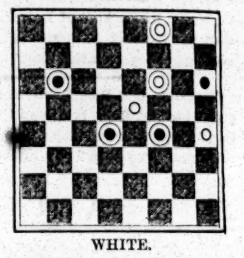


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 70th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
16..15	19	26	22
17..19	22	22	15
18..23	27		

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black—Mary.		White—W. S. K.	
19.. 5	9	11	8
20.. 9	14	8	4

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

Black—G. M. B.		White—P. M. H.	
5..16	23	27	18

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER THREE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

GENERAL RUFUS WELCH.

THE MODEL MANAGER.

BORN in New Berlin, Chenango Valley, New York, in September, 1800. He was apprenticed to a cabinet maker. At 19 years of age he joined a Circus troupe, and soon afterwards became a member of the firm of Purdy & Macomber. In 1828, he went to the West Indies, with a Circus he had formed; after a successful tour, returned to the United States, and opened in Maelzel's Hall, in Fifth street, near Prune, Philadelphia, with a menagerie. His next expedition was after wild animals. He sailed from Philadelphia, and after a prosperous voyage landed at the Cape of Good Hope, and penetrated two thousand miles into the interior of the country; and in company with others succeeded in securing lions, tigers, elephants, and giraffes, and landed with them safely, at Boston, the whole cost of which, including transportation, was $65,000. After continuing in the Menagerie business for many years, the partners sold out, and Mr. Welch went into partnership with the late Alvah V. Mann, and opened a Circus on Broadway, New York, opposite Niblo's, under a canvass. Mr W., next went to Philadelphia, and opened the Walnut street Circus, in conjunction with Mann & Delavan. In 1842, he leased the National Theatre, 9th and Chestnut streets, and converted it into an Amphitheatre, opening with a good theatrical and equestrian company. In 1851, took an American equestrian company to England, an opened at Drury Lane Theatre. Subsequently he travelled through France and Germany. In 1852, he became lessee of Brinley Hall, Birmingham. It was an immense building. He remodelled and opened it on the 26th of January, as an Amphitheatre, for equestrian and other entertainments on a large scale, including all the male and female artists, the stud of horses, ponies, ostriches, and monkies, from Batty's Hippodrome. The house seated six thousand persons.

Returning to the United States, he opened a Hippodrome on Broad street, Philadelphia, on a scale of magnificence. In July, 1854, in conjunction with Louis Lent, became lessee of the National Circus and Theatre, which was destroyed by fire shortly afterwards. The General lost considerable money by it.

Died at his residence in Philadelphia, Friday night, November 28th, 1856, at 12 o'clock. His disease was typhoid fever. His remains were interred in Ronaldson's Cemetery, in that city.

In May, 1860, the committee of gentlemen appointed in December, 1858, to procure means for a suitable monument to his memory, concluded their labors, the monument having been procured and the remains of the deceased removed from the receiving vault of Ronaldson's Cemetery. The re-interment took place in the presence of Col. James Page, Mr. John Thornley, and other members of the Committee. The spot selected for the final resting place of the deceased manager is on the main avenue of Woodland Cemetery, and on a high spot of ground, which overlooks the river Schuylkill. In this lot a grave, or rather a vault of sufficient capacity to contain the coffin, was constructed, and in the presence of the gentlemen named above, the remains were placed therein. The whole was then covered with a heavy slab of stone, and upon this the monument is erected.

The monument is of white Italian marble, fourteen feet in height, and three feet six inches and a half in diameter at the base. From a square and appropriately ornamented base, a panneled shaft arises, and this is surmounted by a handsome funeral urn. The following is the inscription:

THIS MONUMENT,
(ERECTED BY HIS FRIENDS.)
Marks the spot where repose the
Remains of
RUFUS WELCH,
A NATIVE OF NEW YORK.
For many years the leading Equestrian Manager
in the United States,
A man of enterprise, honesty, liberality
and kindness.
He died on the 30th day of November, 1856,
In the 56th year of his age.
"None need be told a warmer heart death
did ne'er make cold."

The greater proportion of the funds needed to secure the lot and erect the monument was raised by a benefit at the National Theatre, Philadelphia. The only response from theatrical people was made by E. P. Christy, of New York, who contributed fifty dollars towards the work.

MR. H. KNIGHT.

BORN in London, England. Made his first appearance on the American stage, at Park Theatre, New York, as Simon Spatterdash, in "The Boarding House."

In December, 1839, he was injured by attempting to get on the

cars of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad while in motion. His injuries were of so serious a nature as to render amputation of one of his legs necessary.

On the 11th of December, 1839, he died.

In a distant land he had a fond mother, whose only hope he was. Her consolation must be, that though thrown amongst entire strangers, nothing that the most unwearied attention and considerate kindness could devise or procure, was omitted to render his last hours comfortable.

He was married to Miss Kent, afterwards Mrs. De Costa, and in 1837, separated from her. But during his sickness and his last moments she was by his side, like a faithful wife, administering to his wants. Mr. Knight was a veryclever comedian.

MRS. A. KNIGHT.

MADE her first appearance on the Stage in 1840, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Mrs. Haller, in "The Stranger."

In 1852, she was a member of the Broadway Theatre, New York and considered by the manager a very useful actress.

MRS. E. KNIGHT.

MAIDEN name Eliza Povey—was born in Birmingham, England, January 26, 1804, and at twelve years of age, became the pupil of Mr. Tom Cooke. Made her first appearance on any stage as a vocalist, for the benefit of Mr. Cooke, at Drury Lane Theatre, London, in 1817, and sang "He seeks, he seeks Another." She possessed great sweetness of voice, and for some years was a considerable favorite with the public. She was the first lady who sang at the Dramatic Fund dinners, where, at that of Drury Lane, she sang the echo song from Comas, accompanied by her tutor, on the violin. Made her first appearance on any stage as an Actress in 1819, at Drury Lane, as Margaretta, in "No Song no Supper." In 1826, she came to the United States with her brother, the well-known John Povey, and made her *debut* on the American stage, November 30th, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Floretta, in "The Cabinet." For many years she was a most successful "star" in the United States, where she accumulated a considerable sum of money; but of which, unfortunately through the uncertain state of securities in this country, she was deprived.

Made her *debut* in Philadelphia, January 29th, 1827, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Floretta.

She returned to England, after twenty-five years' absence, and resided in retirement at Brompton, until her death, which occurred in October, 1861. She married Mr. E. Knight, a musician, and a son of the celebrated "Little Knight," of Drury Lane, London.

She was an excellent actress, and a great favorite. Her performance of Kate O'Brian, was indeed perfection. She was the first female singer of cultivated taste who had visited the United States since the days of Miss George.

We remember her as the blithe and jocund child of harmony, with rosy cheeks, dimpled with smiles and warbling sweetest melodies. Our recollections are warm; her ballad voice, round, full and plaintive, carrolled the simple lays of minstrelsy with charming effect, breathing the soul of energy and expression.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

APRIL 15.—J. Hurley and E. Dwyer—£5 a side, Home Circuit.
22.—Nobby Hall and C. Wilkinson—£50 a side, at 9st 6lb.
22.—Lavery and M'Cartney—£25 a side, North Brittain.
29.—Jesse Hatton and Micky Gannon—£50 a side, at catch-weight, Home Circuit.
29.—Fred Fisher and T. Brannan—£10 a side, 9st 3lb, Birmingham.
29.—Cook and Kenny—£15 a side, 8st 9lb, Birmingham.
MAY 6.—Peter Morris and John Hartley—£25 a side, at 8st, London.
6.—Marley and Welsh—£25 a side. Welsh to be 9st 3lb, and Marley 10st.
8.—Evans and Jones—£20 a side, at catch-weight. Western Circuit.
11.—Hammer Davis and Tom Brown—£5 a side, Birmingham.

FIGHT FOR THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP,

BETWEEN

JOE NOLAN AND DAN THOMAS.

The morning of Tuesday, April 3, was the time appointed for the solution of the question who should prove most worthy of wearing the title of "Champion of the Light-weights," and lay claim to £400. The competitors were Joe Nolan, of Birmingham, and Dan Thomas, the Welsh champion, who were matched at 8st 10lb, for £200 a side, to fight on April 1, in the home circuit; but in consequence of that fixture clashing with Northampton, it was resolved to postpone the affair until yesterday. The respective merits of the men induced great speculation, which was begun as soon as the match was finally arranged. Dan Thomas had the final deposit, according to arrangement, while the weighing was a perquisite belonging to Nolan. As both men are so much above mediocrity, we append their principal performances.

Dan Thomas was born in Wales, September, 1836, and is 5ft. 4in. in height. His first appearance in the ring was with a compatriot of the name of Williams, whom he fought at 8st 4lb, for £20 a side, and defeated rather easily, after fighting fifty rounds, in 1 hour 11 minutes, at Caerphilly, South Wales, July 16, 1855. His next performance was his only reserve, having been defeated by David Ingram, for £25 a side, after fighting 35 rounds, in 50 min., in Monmouthshire, February 5, 1856. Thomas, after this, had a rest of a couple of years, when he was matched with Jack Brookes, of Norwich, for £25 a side. Thomas was the victor, after fighting fifty-five rounds in 1 hour and 37 min., down the river, October 5, 1858. The next victory was over Charley Lynch (the game American), whom he disposed of for £50 a side, in 50 rounds, 1 hour and 40 minutes, near Aldershot, January 25, 1859. His fight just previous to the one we record to-day, was with Bill Gillam, of Brighton, for £ 50 a side, when the Welshman was hailed the winner, after fighting forty-eight rounds, which lasted 2 hours 45 minutes, at Wallingford road, May 30, 1860. Soon after his victory over Gillam, he entered into business at Cardiff, as a licensed victualler, and took the Cambrian Arms, where he did a good stroke of business, and was looked upon as a rising man, until the lawgivers, finding he was almost the sole authority amongst the lovers of a mill in the southern division of the principality, thought fit to give Master Daniel a warning. Dan, not being short of sense, let his house, and, determined not to be idle, made a match with the Champion of the Light-weights, Joe Nolan. The first match fell to the ground, but after a small trifle of paper warfare, another was made for £200 a side, at 8st 10lb. It was not long before Dan commenced getting himself well by degrees, and when he came to London to witness the Championship fight between Jem Mace and Tom King, he looked even then, although big, fit to fight "for a kingdom." About five weeks since, he finally took up his quarters at Mr. Packwood's, the Boileau Arms, Hammersmith Bridge, having Charley Jenkinson, (erst the London Stag) as his monitor, and as a proof of the attention that Thomas and his trainer must have paid to their respective duties, the condition in which he showed when he did must be proof positive.

Joe Nolan was born in John street, Birmingham, of Irish parents, September 1, 1838. He is 5ft. 5¼in. in height, and on this occasion weighed exactly 8st 10lb. His first performance was with one Robinson, for £15 a side, which resulted in a draw, the police having interfered and apprehended Nolan, who was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months December 6, 1858. He had been without a job for three years, when he met and beat Flannery, for £10 a side, in ninety-five rounds, which lasted 2 hours and 10 min., near Broomsgrove, March 23, 1857. Beat Ensor, £10 a side, fifty-two rounds, 1 hour and 10 min., Stratford-on-Avon, April 20, 1858. Beat Henley, £25 a side, in forty rounds, 32 min., down the river, August 10, 1858. Beat Jack Hicks, £120, forty-five rounds, 1 hour and 25 min., near Aldershot, March 15, 1859. Again beat Hicks, £60 a side, in six-and-twenty rounds, 2 hours and 45 min., down the river, Feb. 7, 1860. In the last of these victories, he rested on his laurels until the present contest was under way; and Mr. Richardson, of the East-end, thinking he could tame the wild exuberance of Master Joe's character, out, undertook the job of getting him fit for the contest. During the period of the first few deposits being staked, Nolan made this time between the "hardware village" and the metropolis turns taking leave of his "old pals" previous to going into training. This course continued until Mr. Richardson went to Birmingham, and almost by force brought the "lively lad" to town, and sent him into training with one of his trustworthy mates. Nolan took lots of work, but would break out after time. At length he was sent to Mr. Salmon's, the Spy-Hotel, Buckhurst, Essex, where he had the services of Owen trainers, who all left him in despair, and although lots of work, he would now and again "imbibe a few." But his old mentor, Joe Wareham, was telegraphed for, and by the time had only a fortnight to bring the boy to his bearings, he say he was within his weight, and, considering his doings," looked remarkably well.

THE SCALING.

The weighing took place on Monday, at Mr. W. Richardson's, the Blue Anchor, Church street, Shoreditch, in the presence of some three hundred spectators. Nolan was the first to scale, attended by G. Woody and Bos Tyler, and was passed by the authorities. Dan Thomas next jumped into the scale, and was near as possible the weight; he was attended by his trainer, Jolley Jenkinson, and Bob Travers. Offers to lay 5 to 4 on Nolan met with no response. On Monday night the sporting houses were crowded by persons wishing to know the whereabouts and betting on the result, and of course Richardson's, in the East, and Nat Langham's, in the West, absorbed all attention. The betting at the East-end was 5 to 4 on Nolan, which, as the event neared, became guineas to pounds, and finally level money taken in some instances. The Cambrians mustered strongly the West-end houses, and most decidedly thought it a good time to back their pet, for they put down the money *con amore*. Indeed, it is believed that there was more money on the result than on the late fight for the Championship. The tip for the ring was "a very early hour—due west."

Long before daylight the Great Western Railway terminus, which was the point of departure, was beseiged by a motley group all mustered in great force in the hopes of getting down "on the tap." As four o'clock (the time appointed for the start) drew near, hansom after hansom drove up in rapid succession, the occupants of which had to cool their heels and contemplate a rude barricade made of stools and hand trucks. At a quarter to four, Ould Nat and W. Richardson commenced taking tickets, which process went on swimmingly for some time, the travelers "parting" with their sovs. with the greatest *nonchalance*. At length the crush commenced, and then occurred a scene rivalling that which was witnessed at the departure for the mill between Jem Mace and Bob Brettle. The notorieties quickly arrived in large numbers, and the pugilistic corps were perhaps never before represented so strongly. The great gun, previous to the arrival of the heroes of the day, was John Carmel Heenan, who was present with his brother, and who looked remarkably well, being much more fully developed than in his last visit, but still looking rather older, having, apparently, lost his ruddy glow of youth. When he was recognised, he was greeted by the whole of the pugilistic corps with the greatest fervor. The upper ten thousand were also well represented, several well-known old and influential backers putting in an appearance. Numerous inquiries were made after the men and their whereabouts, in the midst of which Dan Thomas was escorted on to the platform, at five minutes to four o'clock, attended by his trainer, Charley Jenkinson. J. Brookes, with his trainer, Lawley, and his backer, showed at five minutes past four. At twenty-five minutes past four Nolan arrived. The orders for taking seats were now given, when a rush was made, and, despite all the preparation and caution displayed, the mob took the carriages by storm. At length, after some time in endeavoring to restore some kind of order, the signal for the start was given, and they steamed on their journey at a quarter to five exactly. Daylight was just breaking, as Ealing was passed; then on to Reading, where a short "pull up" was made at forty minutes past five. Continuing the route, Goring was passed at six o'clock precisely, and a halt was made at Wallingford-road at twelve minutes past six, when a pell-mell disembarkation took place, and the thirsty and hungry dashed madly to the first open hostelry, where they helped themselves to all they could lay their hands on. No time was lost by the commissary and his assistants in fixing the ring on a well-selected spot, close to the station, and during the formation of the arena a very brisk trade was driven in the sale of inner-ring tickets, and the Inspector was also equally industrious in accomodating the "swells" with seats, &c. After some little demur, a well-known character was induced to accept the unthankful office of referee. A fine outer ring was soon completed, and the holders of the inner-ring tickets were made as comfortable as the circumstances would allow. It was well kept by the Inspector and his assistants. At this time (twenty minutes to seven), a couple of "blues" made their appearance, and consternation was expressed in all faces at the mere suspicion of their interfering with the progress of the mill. Great powers of persuasion were put into practice to endeavor to make them *blind* for once, and during the "working of the spell" Joe Nolan threw in his cap at exactly seven a.m., having a couple of very talented individuals for his seconds. Dan Thomas was a few seconds after his opponent, also having two "wide-awake ones" as his advisers. The authorities stated their inability to stop the mill, but said that, if extremities were proceeded to, they should allow matters to take their course, but pick out certain individuals, who would have to pay the usual penalties. A move was of course rendered imperative. The ropes and stakes were removed, and at a quarter past seven a start was made to the railway station, where a long and tedious delay took place while the managers of the train consulted upon the best plan to be adopted. At length orders to resume seats were given, and the train returned towards London at ten minutes to eight. No further stoppage was made until Reading was reached, at a quarter past eight, when other means of conveyance had to be obtained, which was not accomplished until ten o'clock, when a further disbursement of cash was required to frank those down who were eager to witness the contest. The money was paid, although accompanied by growls and curses deep, and in return for the further sum of nine shillings, a piece of cardboard, franking the holder to Hungerford and back per first-class, was given. The train consisted of seven carriages. A disgraceful scene of confusion ensued, as those who had no money would insist upon going to the mill, and took violent possession of their share of the first-class carriages. At Reading, the town was almost taken by storm, which was not allayed even when Heenan stalked through the town, followed by a large concourse of people, who, apparently, were never tired of staring at the Farnborough hero. On starting from Reading, betting was very brisk at odds against a fight. Passing Theale, a solitary "blue" was visible, and another at Aldermaston, notwithstanding which, "Hold hard" was the word a few hundred yards further on, and a second ring was pitched at 10:20 with great expedition, and another good inner-ring made by the indefatigable Inspector and assistants. Some time was lost in waiting for the men, who were making their toilets in the carriages, which were shunted close to the side of the ring, which was formed on nearly the same ground as that on which Paddock and Hurst fought. At ten minutes to eleven Nolan threw in his cap, quickly followed by Thomas, both having the same seconds as in the first ring. The toss for corners was won by Nolan. The colors of the men were a blue and white birdseye for Nolan, and a white handkerchief with a Prince of Wales's feather, with the double motto of "Ich Dien," and "A fair fight, and may the best man win," surrounded by a mauve border for Thomas. The betting at this time was 5 to 4 on Nolan, which gradually veered round to 6 to 4, laid to a considerable amount, the friends of both men being very staunch indeed, in backing their fancy. The spikes of the fighting boots were next examined, and shown to the referee, who passed them. Nolan now changed his corner, Thomas taking one on the same side, when Nolan again changed. These preliminaries having been concluded, the men were delivered by their seconds at ten minutes past eleven a.m for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The appearance of the men was most particularly scrutinised. The attitude of each was most artistic, standing with his left well advanced, and the right well across. The condition of Dan Thomas was all that the most fastidious could wish, and showed that he had paid every attention to his training. He has the shoulders and back of a pocket Hercules, a head well set on, and with large bosses of muscle on his back and loins, with good legs, as straight as possible. He has a hardy look, which his previous contests have not belied. Nolan is of a much more delicate complexion, and although of a very fine, well-turned, and muscular frame, it was on this occasion covered by a quantity of loose fat. His arms had lost their muscle, and, altogether, he looked boyish in the extreme. As they sparred for an opening, the advances and retreats were superb. Nolan was the first to take the initiative by feinting, to draw Dan, who got away very cleverly. Dan crept up, and tried to draw Nolan, but he was not to be had. It was now Nolan's turn to commence proceedings, but without avail, his left-handers being out of all distance. The Welchman tried his favorite left-handed double without avail. The manœuvres put into force were a treat to all the lovers of a scientific mill, the only fault to be found, if possible, being too much caution. Nolan now sparred open-handed, and with a show of carelessness, but even this did not tempt Dan. The same clever and pretty tactics were pursued, until Dan put some "devil" in his attack, and baulking with the double, good left-handed counters were delivered with hearty good will, Dan getting on the mouth, drawing blood (*first blood claimed and allowed for Thomas*), Nolan getting on the nose. A few passes at sparring, when Nolan's left landed on the chin, Thomas going over the shoulder with his right. More clever sparring, in which the stopping and getting away was remarkable for neatness of display. The same order continued until Dan ducked and closed, when both were down together on their beam ends. Time, 8 min.

2. Both were sharp up to time, Nolan bleeding from the lip. The same pretty style of fighting was continued, but as they warmed to their work, the deliveries were quicker and more certain. A couple of good left-handed counters were exchanged, Nolan getting on the eye, Dan on the mouth, and Thomas fell from the force of his own blow. Time, 11 min.

3. Nolan came up bleeding from the mouth, Dan flushed on the cheek and chin. Nolan looked as spiteful as he could, and dashed out his left at the head; Dan stopped its effects most artistically. Nolan tried to steal a march, but Thomas was away, laughing and shaking his head. Cautious tactics, each in turn feinting and retreating, and when the blows were "loosed," invariably well stopped. Good counters, Nolan getting well on the forehead; Dan again visiting the mouth, drawing more blood. The play, although very scientific, was of a tedious character, as the same tactics were displayed until Nolan crept close and administered a rare hot smack on the mark with the left, Dan in the return getting on the forehead. After this, both were short in their left-hand deliveries. Dan short at the head, Nolan at the body. They then stood looking at one another for some time, until Dan impetuously dashed out his left, which went over Joe's shoulder. At this time a cry of "police!" arose, which was founded on fact, for five were seen in the distance, and the men left the ring, after having fought for twenty-seven minutes. *Suave qui peut* became the order of the day, and a rush was made for the carriages, which were safely reached by the combatants and their seconds; and when all the traps, ropes, stakes, &c., were snugly housed, the iron horse gave a scream, and another start was effected for a trip further on, towards Hungerford, at noon precisely. After a pleasant ride of exactly half-an-hour, the train was stopped at Kintbury, where the *voyageurs* again descended, to the astonishment of the natives. The ring was again put into ship-shape order on a beautiful piece of green sward close to the railway, where stalls were provided for the swells. During the time the men were preparing for action several bets were made at evens to a large amount. Thomas came on the ground at three minutes to one o'clock; Nolan a few minutes afterwards. Nolan was the first to throw in his cap, quickly followed by Thomas, each attended by the same esquires as previously, and again commenced the encounter, at seven minutes past one.

4. Nolan, as he stood sparring, showed with his lip cut, and much swollen, Thomas not having a mark, with the exception of a slight flush on the body from the blow in the last round in the previous ring. The sparring was more determined than in the previous rounds and equally scientific. Thomas tried his favorite double without avail, as Nolan was out of distance like a shot. Both feinted at the body, and jumped back. The manner in which they broke away, met, stopped, and retreated, caused a general buzz of admiration round the ring, and loud acclamations from their respective partizans. After long sparring, in which great caution was displayed, Nolan delivered his left lightly on the nose, and on the mark, and again his left on the arm. More feinting and fast sparring. Dan feinted and got away. Nolan planted his left on Dan's right eye, and got his left on the cheek, which brought on good exchanges, in which Thomas was very busy with his right on the ribs and arm, until Nolan closed, and threw Dan, and fell upon him. Time, 10 min.

5. Nolan had his nose flushed, and Thomas' cheek was very red. After sparring until they got close, Nolan got his left on the body, Dan just missing his right at the head. Nolan played very cautiously, and Thomas seemed to prefer long shots, so long sparring ensued without a blow being struck. At length they warmed up, and left handed counters were delivered simultaneously, Nolan getting well on the side of the mouth and chin, Dan fairly on the jaw, which sent Nolan to grass. (*First knock down for Thomas claimed and allowed.*)

6. When the lads faced each other, an appeal was made to the referee that Thomas's hands had something foul applied to them. Dan having wiped them, they were ordered to proceed. Thomas got his left well on the body; Nolan following suit, Dan just missing his stinging right hander. Nolan feinted, Dan getting away. Good left-handed exchanges, Nolan on the chin, Dan on the mouth, until they closed, when Nolan got down. Time, 19 min.

7. Thomas was the first to scratch, having his nose flushed. Nolan was bleeding from the mouth. Good left-handed counters on the nose and mouth; they got to close quarters, in which both were busy, and the round was concluded by Dan knocking down Joe with a right-hander on the mouth.

8. Nolan was bleeding from the mouth; Dan's nose and mouth flushed. Very little sparring, for they soon got to close quarters and exchanged merrily until Nolan closed, and both were down; Thomas under. Time, 21 min.

9. Some very excellent stopping and countering until they closed, when, after a couple of good exchanges, Nolan got down.

10. Nolan had a bump on his forehead, as well as bleeding from the lips, while the utmost marks Thomas showed were a flushed mark or two on his face and nose. Dan feinted, and Joe got away cleverly. The same clever moves as heretofore were shown for a tiresome period. Good counters, Nolan getting on the jaw, Dan twice on the cheek and mouth. This brought on exchanges until they closed, when Nolan was very busy getting well on Dan's left ear, the latter returning on the chest, and Nolan got down to avoid.

11. Very short sparring; for Nolan perceiving an opening, rushed to close quarters, and Thomas slipped down.

12. Dan came up flushed under the right eye, Nolan with his mouth swollen. Nolan was short with the left. Thomas planted a little one on the cheek. Nolan missed the return, and got down on his knees just in time to escape a viciously intended upper-cut.

13. The same clever sparring, which lasted some time, when they countered with the left like lightning, until they closed, and both were busy, more especially Thomas, who made several good body blows, until Nolan got down.

14. The sparring was of the same order, great caution being displayed. At length they closed; good exchanges, Nolan getting well on the ear, Dan on the mouth and body, forcing Nolan into his corner, when Joe just escaped a good upper-cut by going down in a hurry. Time, 33 min.

15. Cautious and tedious sparring, although each now and again dashed out his left viciously. It was noticed that Nolan had his left arm injured below the elbow-joint by a blow from Dan's right. Thomas feinted at the body; Nolan jumped away, but, getting within shot, delivered his left on the body. Dan only just missed the jaw with his right. Left-handed counters on the mouth and cheek, those of Thomas having much the greater force, and as Dan forced exchanges, Nolan got down.

16. Nolan was bleeding from the mouth, and his left arm was all but useless, while Thomas was almost scatheless. They sparred as usual for an opening, when a warning shout was heard that the police were rather handy, but the alarm, although true, was not more than an interruption for a few minutes. The stops and deliveries were splendid. Dan led off his left at the head, but was stopped; trying again, he had better fortune, as he landed a heavy one on the ear, and Nolan went down—half a slip and half a knock-down. Time, 40 min.

17. The sparring was now of the most tedious order, for Thomas, although he had much the best of the fighting, would not throw away a chance, but was content to get one on for nothing. He followed Nolan, who missed his left, Dan at the same time missing his right. Nolan went to close quarters, which brought on exchanges, both catching it on the nose and mouth.

18. Some rattling counters and exchanges, Nolan getting on to the nose, receiving on the mouth, until they closed, Dan holding Nolan round the neck, and punching with his right. Nolan was also very busy, until he was thrown.

19. Nolan was decidedly weak as he left the scratch, which Dan perceiving, induced him to attempt to force the fighting; but Joe was "leary," and would not have it. At length Dan got within shot, and planted his left on the nose, Nolan following suit on the eye. Thomas then followed Nolan to his corner, when Joe ducked, and closed, Dan going down.

20, and last. Nolan came up bleeding from the nose and mouth, Dan with his right eye and nose flushed. Both sparred cautiously, but Dan tried to force the fighting, by leading off, but would not dash in, Nolan being very shifty. They stood looking at each other for some time, and then sparred, each leading off and being well stopped. Dan missed his left, and went after Joey. The policeman at this time was on the alert, and by some *means* (we rather guess) had learned the names of several present, whom he called upon to stop the fight, or to put up with the consequences. During this time Dan got on to Nolan's nose; Joe returned by a warm one on the cheek. A cry arose that a body of police were in view, when the referee entered the ring and ordered the men to desist; but, on being assured that the rumor was without foundation, he allowed them to renew the contest, but only for a few seconds, in consequence of there being five "locals" seen running towards the ring. He then threw up his office, and washed his hands of the affair, after they had been fighting for 1 hour and 3 min. in the third ring, or 1 hour and a half in all.

REMARKS.

The issue of the above fight has caused great disappointment amongst all who were present, and who had invested upon it, at the unsatisfactory manner in which it has terminated for the present. So great were the expectations raised from the vast reputation of the men, that the deeper and greater is the chagrin at the result. Nolan, from his previous performances, was expected to show first-class capabilities as a boxer, and we must in justice to him say that he lacks nothing in courage or knowledge, yet he was most wofully wanting in condition, evidently having reduced himself by physic and sweating. The consequence was that he fell weak, and his blows had no steam in them. That he should not force the fighting was not surprising, but that Thomas should have a man beaten to his hands, and then not finish him, is a puzzle. Thomas is a cautious fighter, and pursued the same safe and winning game as when he beat Gillam, of Brighton, whom he tired out first, and then beat rather easily. The same tactics here would no doubt have secured him the victory had there been time; but, when Thomas knew the police were about, we think it was his duty to have forced the fighting. The scene with the roughs and swell-mobsmen at Paddington Station was most shameful, and unless there is a strenuous endeavor made to keep the ring in proper odor with the public, it must in a very short space of time die an ignominious death, brought on by the misconduct of some of its members, who ought to be the last to throw a difficulty in the way of its renovation. The failure of the first place of meeting, we believe, was a mistake; but there can be no excuse for the mismanagement which caused the hiring of a second "special," and a further outlay of money on the part of the supporters of the ring. The inner-ring was well kept under the circumstances, and reflected great credit upon the P.B.A. Inspector. A tedious journey to London landed all, tired and weary, at five P. M. Nolan and Thomas were to meet at the stakeholders on the following Thursday to settle matters.

FIGHT IN THE SHEFFIELD DISTRICT.—HUMPAGE AND GILBANK, FOR £20.—These lads met on Monday morning, April 7, near the Snake Inn, about seventeen miles from Sheffield, to contend at catch-weight, for £10 a side. Ned Humpage hails from Wednesbury, and had performed in the roped arena on five occasions before, in three of which he was successful, the other two having ended in draws—namely, with Young Bodger Crutchley, of Birmingham, and Joe Skevee, of Walsall. He had been prepared for this contest under the superintendence of Mr. John Hall, Moor Inn, Silver street, being attended in his exercise by Joe Perks, and was certainly all that could be desired. He weighed on the morning of fighting about 10st 3lb, and stands 5ft. 3¾in. in height. Gilbank is a comparative novice, having only had a rough bout with a fellow-workman some months ago, which was undecided. He is a fine young fellow, standing 5ft. 9¼in., and and on the morning of the battle weighed about 11st—though in our opinion he was rather too finely drawn. The betting before the day arrived had been slightly in favor of Gilbank, but at the ring-side it was even. It having been arranged that the men should be in the ring at eight o'clock, those desirous of seeing the commencement had to rise pretty early, and there being no locomotives, the journey in the pelting rain was anything but a pleasant one. The disagreeable ceremony of choosing a referee having been gone through in double-quick time, about nine o'clock the men appeared in the ring, Humpage attended by Jack Fleet, of Dudley Port, and Jack Cunningham; whilst Mike Moran, of Derby, and Enoc Riley, of Birmingham, ministered to the wants of Gilbank. The fight was anything but a good one, for, although the disparity in size was so great, Humpage continually landed his rib-roasters on his adversary, although in the first round Gilbank got first blood, from a slight scratch. The little one, however, soon put matters to rights, by knocking Jack clean off his pins in the fifth round, and from this time he gradually made victory more certain, punishing Jack on the body and side of the neck fearfully. Jack came up, however, to be receiver-general until the thirty-ninth round, when his chance was quite hopeless, and he wisely retired, Humpage being declared the winner, after fighting forty-five minutes. Everything passed off in the most agreeable manner.

BEN BANDOFF AND J. HOPKINS, (JOE ROWE'S NOVICE), £10 A SIDE.—Immediately the ring was cleared, Ben Bandoff and Joe Rowe's Novice (J. Hopkins) commenced to strip to fight, for £10 a side, at catch weight. The novice is a native of Bristol, and had not been in the ring previously, although victorious in many a rough and tumble contest. He is twenty-one years of age, 5ft. 10¾in. in height, and in weight at least 11st 7lb. He was backed from Joe Rowe's, Spitalfields. Ben Bandoff is of the Jewish persuasion, was born August 6, 1841, and is about 11st 12lb in weight. He had been in the ring three times previously, the first time with Duggan, £10 a side, at Dagenham, which resulted in a draw, after fighting seventy-five rounds in two hours and five minutes, darkness having come on. Beaten by George Sims, £25 a side, 44 rounds, in 15 min., at Long Reach, Nov. 28, 1854. Beaten again by Sims, £25 a side, 36 rounds, in 53 min., Medway, May 17, 1858. He was backed on the present occasion from Mr. Lipman's, King of Prussia, Middlesex street, Whitechapel. Bandoff was waited upon by Jack Hicks and Harry Savage, and Hopkins was esquired by Joe Rowe, and Lake, of Bristol. They commenced operations in the ring at seven minutes past four. The fight admits of very little description, as Bandoff took a decided lead from the commencement, doing as he chose with the novice, who proved himself *a novice* indeed. Bandoff got *first blood*, the *knock down* in the last round, and the battle. Bandoff so punished Hopkins, that the sponge was thrown up after twenty-eight rounds had been fought in 57 min. Bandoff left the ring without a mark, the novice, on the contrary, being terribly marked.

FIGHT IN THE MIDLAND DISTRICT, BETWEEN PHELAN AND ALLEN, FOR £50.

At the commencement of 1861 Harry Allen and Morris Phelan met to fight for £25 a side, and, after a game contest of sixty-three rounds, the police interrupted the fight. Allen, who had the worst of it, was arrested, and the referee decided in favor of Phelan, who got the stakes. This unsatisfactory termination led to the present encounter, at catch-weight. Each man had gone through a careful preparation, Allen being occasionally visited by his brother, while Phelan was under the care of Jem Hodgkiss. The stakes for the present match were duly deposited with the *Sporting Life*, and a referee sent especially down to the hardware village to officiate. The day named for the contest to take place was Tuesday, April 8, and the start was appointed for six o'clock A. M., Four Ashes being the rendezvous. The articles stated that the men should be in the ring between eight and twelve o'clock, and although both were on the spot, by some misunderstanding the commissary was not there with the ropes and stakes. After waiting until half-past ten, a gentleman present offered to procure some ropes, and stakes were soon improvised. Just at this time, up came a cart containing the legitimate ones. A move was at once ordered, but ere it could be complied with, two of those unwelcome visitors, the blues, stepped in and marred proceedings. A consultation was held, and it being deemed impossible to get the affair off that day, the men were ordered to meet at six the next morning. The place decided on was kept a secret until all arrived at the station, when they got off without let or hindrance, and on the train arriving at Burnt Green the order was given to alight, and about three-quarters of a mile from the station, the veteran Giles pitched the ring, in a meadow adjoining the road.

A brief outline of the performances of the men will be interesting. Morris Phelan springs from Paddy's land, has fought five battles, and never lost one. He stands about 5ft. 6½in., and is now twenty-five years of age. The first performance of Morris was his victory over Lawless, for £5 a side, in fifty-six rounds, near Tully Oak; beat Tulley in three rounds, occupying 28 min.; and afterwards Jack Fox, for £20 to £10. His last event was with Harry Allen, for £25 a side, when the latter suffered from too severe training, his weight being brought below his physical strength, and the blues interfering, is still in the recollection of the sporting world.

Harry Allen, who is now twenty-three years of age, and some three inches taller than his opponent, commenced his career by beating White, for £5 a side, in sixty-four rounds. He next encountered Nobby Hall, the match resulting in a draw. He next beat Nobby Clark, for £5 a side, thirty rounds, 54 min., at Ratcliffe's Hollow, Liverpool. Afterwards defeated Fisher, for £5, in 93 min., at Whichner, his last encounter being with Morris Phelan, as above. No time was lost by the men in getting to work, and at three minutes past eight Phelan threw his cap into the ring, which was immediately followed by Allen. While the men were completing their toilets, the proprietor of the ground appeared on the scene, and objected to any proceeding taking place on the premises. However, after expressing his wishes, he left the field, and the men continued their preparations. For obvious reasons, the names of those who esquired the combatants are not given. All being in readiness, at twenty minutes past eight o'clock they stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. When the men were delivered at the scratch, it was seen that Allen stood some three inches taller than Phelan, and weighing apparently ten or a dozen pounds heavier. The condition of Phelan was as near perfection as possible, and "old" Jem Hodgkiss remarked, as he put his hands up, that he was fit to fight for his life. Allen, though very well, was, in the opinion of some, several pounds too heavy. Phelan was the first to open proceedings, by leading off with his left, but Allen got away. After a little sparring they got within distance, and Allen landed his left slightly on the nose; Morris countered him on the forehead, and after a break away, planted his left on Allen's mouth. This brought them together, and after some rapid exchanges, Phelan on the forehead and Allen on the ribs, Harry was down, 1 to 0.

2. Was very short. Phelan, as soon as he faced his man, dashed at him, and Allen, after an exchange of blows, was forced down. 2 to 0.

3. Morris was short with his left. Allen countered him on the body; they closed, and after some lively half-arm hitting, both were down in the middle of the ring. 3 to 0.

4. Both, eager for work, dashed at each other, and hit away until they got to the ropes, when they both fell outside the ring. 4 to 0.

5. Phelan in this round took a decided lead by getting cleverly on to Allen's forehead with his left, and on the jaw with his right, rising a lump. Allen, not backward, delivered both hands at the body, and in the close was down. 5 to 0.

6. Both were up at the call of time, and as soon as they faced each other, began fighting, and exchanged blows rapidly; Phelan on the nose and forehead, Allen on the left eye and side of the nose, just breaking the skin, but sufficient to bring the *blood, which was claimed for Allen, and allowed.* 6 to 0.

7. Phelan led off with his left at Allen's head, who directly closed, and, after an exchange of blows, was knocked clean off his legs by Phelan's right. First knock-down blow for Phelan. 7 to 0.

8 to 91. Were all of the same character, Phelan being the first to lead off with his left, getting on to Allen's forehead, nose, and both eyes, but hitting with the heel of his hand did not do that execution which might have been expected. Each of these rounds were finished by Allen being fought down, when a cry of "Police!" was heard, and one came up, and after telling the men to desist, and finding no notice taken of it, stood on one side. This, of course, caused a slight stoppage, but the men soon again got to work, and after one of the best and fastest fights ever seen, occupying 1 hour and 35 minutes, a reinforcement of the "blues" made a descent on the ring, and endeavored to apprehend the men, but only succeeded in securing Allen and one of the spectators. Phelan was more fortunate, and got away; the lookers-on quickly dispersed in all directions and made for home the best way they could. Although good and substantial bail was offered for the captives, they were detained in custody until Thursday, at three o'clock, when they were liberated, Allen being bound over, himself in £10, and two sureties in £10 each, to appear at the next quarter sessions, at Worcester. A meeting was called by the referee, at which Phelan's party offered to increase the stakes and fight another time. This, however, was not agreed to, and the referee ordered them to meet again on a day named by him.

THE TRIGGER.

THE TRIGGER AT TUNBRIDGE.—On Thursday, April 3, a goodly muster of crack shots of the counties of Kent and Sussex, accompanied by many of the London celebrities, met at the above place to compete for £50 sweepstakes. The weather was all that could be desired, and a large concourse of spectators and *out bounders* attended. The competition was very keen, the first and second prizes being divided between Mr. Crowder, of Battle, and Mr. Fowler, of London. Four ties for the third prize were shot off, which, after some excellent shooting between Mr. Allen, of Nettlestead, and Mr. Harfield, was finally awarded to the latter. Some other sweepstakes were shot for, and a continuous blazing kept up till the birds were used up, and the dinner was waiting; the latter being served in Mr. Montague's usual and excellent style, received ample justice from some fifty gentlemen. The terms of shooting for the great sweepstakes were seven birds each, 21 yards rise, H and T traps. Score:—Worthington, 1 1 1 1 0 0 1. Wilson, 1 1 1 0 1 1 1. Medhurst, 0 1 0 1 1 0, retired. W. Fowler, 1 1 1 1 1 1 1. Brown, 1 1 0 1 1 0 1. Lewis, 0 0, retired. Beecham, 1 1 1 0 0 1, retired. Allen, 1 1 1 1 0 1 1, Crowder, 1 1 1 1 1 1. Fowler, 1 1 0 1 1 1 1. Lipscombe, 1 1 0 1 0, retired. Silver, 1 1 0 1 0 0, retired. Tame, 1 0 0, retired. Harfield, 1 1 1 1 1 0 1. Stace, 0 1 1 0, retired. First tie, five birds each. Score:—Wilson, 1 0 0 1, retired. Allen, 0 1 1 1 1—1 1 1—0 1 1. Fowler, 0 1 0 1, retired. Harfield, 1 0 1 1 1—1 1 1—1 1 1—1 1 1. (Second tie, three birds.)

SWEEPSTAKES of 10s. each, five birds, 21 yards, H and T traps. Score:—Harfield, 0, retired. Tame, 1 1 1 1 1. Fowler, 1 1 1 1. Wilson, 0, retired. Medhurst, 1 1 1 1 1. Brown, 1 1 1 1 1. The ties were shot at single birds. Score:—Tame, 0. Fowler, 1. Medhurst, 1. Brown, 1. Fowler, Medhurst, and Brown divided.

MATCH: three birds, for £5. Score:—Montague, 1 1. W. Johnson, Esq., 0 0.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10s. each, at five birds, 21 yards rise, H and T traps. Score:—Harfield, 1 1 1 1 1. Tame, 1 1 1 1 1. Fowler, 1 1 0, retired. Wilson, 1 1 1 1 1. Beecham, 1 0 1 0, retired. Medhurst, 1 1 1 1 1. Allen, 1 0, retired. Lewis, 1 1 1 1 0. Brown, 1 1 1 1 0. The ties were shot off during a second sweepstakes, Mr. Wilson taking the first prize in each. Mr. Medhurst taking the second prize in one and dividing with Mr. Brown in the other. Score:—Harfield, 0 1 1 1 0. Tame, 1 0 1 0. Fowler, 0 1 1 1 0. Wilson, 1 1 1 1 1. Medhurst, 1 1 0 1 1. Brown, 0 1 1 1 1.

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where very extensive buildings have been erected for the Menagerie and Museum. Also, a gigantic building for Circus, Ball Room, &c., &c., of over two hundred feet long, sixty feet wide, twenty-four feet high, which can accommodate 5,000 people in this building, and very large additions have been made in the Museum, which has a larger collection than any Museum in Canada or America, (Barnum's American Museum excepted.)
This establishment has one of the largest and best collection of Wild Animals, Rare Birds, Freaks of Nature, &c., that can be seen in America; it is the only complete collection that can be seen together.
The Garden contains delightful promenades, complete Gymnasium, and every other amusement that can be expected in a public Garden.
N. B.—Living Animals, Birds, and Freaks of Nature bought.
3 J. E. GUILBAULT, Manager.

BOWERY THEATRE AND CONCERT HALL,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
J. E. ESHER,.....Proprietor. | JAMES RILEY, Stage Manager.
JOHN BENARD,.....Musical Director.
ADMISSION 10 AND 25 CENTS.
The following artists are now performing at this establishment:

MISS SALLIE MASON,	MISS LIZZIE DAVIS,
MISS LEONORA,	MISS FRANK CHRISTIE,
THEODORE THOMPSON,	HERR SPRUNG,
JOHN BENARD,	JOHNNY CAMPBELL,
L. DEBURGER,	J. COLE,
R. H. COLLINS,	J. C. CAMPBELL.

Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability can always secure an engagement by addressing, J. E. ESHER, Proprietor. 47

OSSIAN E. DODGE,
ASSISTED BY THE EMINENT BALLADIST,
WILLIAM HAYWARD,
Is now entertaining his old New England friends with his
SOCIAL CONCERTS.
Down Easters, look out for
OSSIAN E. DODGE and WILLIAM HAYWARD. 3-1t*

CLEVELAND ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
This beautiful Theatre will open for the Spring and Summer season, on Easter Monday, April 21, 1862. Ladies and Gentlemen of professional reputation wishing engagements, will please address, JOHN A. ELLSLER, Jr.,
49-tf. Cleveland, Ohio.

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS OR STARS.
COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN,
At present Treasurer and Advertising Agent for Tom King's Circus, now performing in Baltimore, will be disengaged on and after the 15th inst. Circus Managers wishing a Treasurer or "writer," or Stars wanting a Business Agent—one that has traveled and had considerable experience, will address me at 313 Catharine street, Philadelphia. 52

QUINLAN'S VARIETIES.
OLD CENTRE STREET THEATRE, CLEVELAND, O.
Members of the profession wishing engagements will please address THOS. J. QUINLAN, Business Manager,
P. O. Drawer, 366. 39-tf Cleveland, Ohio.

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

THE "NONPAREIL" DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION meets every Thursday evening at No. 76 Varick street. All communications should be addressed to 211 8th Avenue.
43-3m H. ROLPH, President.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.
This elegant establishment has just been entirely re-fitted and re-modeled, is now to rent to Opera Troupes, Lectures, Minstrels, Dramatic Entertainments, &c., on liberal terms. Apply to
2-3t W. MEACH, Osborne House, Rochester.

THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD!
CLARRY & REILLEY,
(Successors to John E. Bacon,)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For travelling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circusses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
All orders addressed to "CLARRY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 51

CARD TO MANAGERS.
MISS LUCILLE WESTERN,
The most versatile and talented artist in the United States, is now fulfilling a most brilliant engagement at the Holliday Theatre, Baltimore, it being her second engagement this season. She will continue in Baltimore until the latter part of May, when she will have a few weeks to spare, previous to her departure for California and Australia. Managers wishing to negotiate will please address, J. H. MEAD, Business Agent for Miss Western,
2-5t* Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
BUFFALO.
The Ladies and Gentlemen engaged for the above place of amusement will please assemble in the Green Room, on Thursday, May 2d, at 10 o'clock, A. M., previous to the opening of the Spring and Summer season, on Monday evening, May 5th. Punctuality requisite. SIDNEY SMITH, Stage Manager.
N. B.—A Leading Lady, First Old Man, and Heavy Man, wishing engagements, will apply immediately to the above. By order of the management. [3-1t*] H. T. MEACH.

NEWARK LYCEUM,
(Late THEATRE.)
Will be open Monday Evening, April 28th.
MATILDA HERON,
Appearing in her great character of CAMILLE.
3-1t COOL WHITE, Manager.

MARTENIA & SWITZ'S
(COLORADO VARIETIES,)
CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO TER.
First class lady Singers and Dancers wanted. Also, an Ethiopian comedian. Fare paid from any point on the river. Address, ISAAC EATON, Atchinson, Kansas.
3-2t* MARTENIA & SWITZ.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S
ORIGINAL
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND.
Having just terminated a most successful tour in the British Provinces and Eastern States, will,
ON OR ABOUT APRIL 7, START ON A
GRAND WESTERN TOUR,
And give a series of their
INIMITABLE PERFORMANCES,
In the principal Cities and Towns.
DUPREZ & GREEN, Proprietors.
N. B. JIM CLARK, or "Any Other (End) Man," able to dance and sing, can have an engagement immediately, by telegraphing
3-2t* DUPREZ & GREEN, Montreal, C. W.

CHALLENGE.
BOSTON, April 26th, 1862.
Having heard that J. C. Trowbridge is willing to dance me a straight Jig for money, I now challenge him to meet me and dance a straight for $500 a side; the Jig to be danced on "Doniker's Melophone." I also challenge him for $600 a side to dance with me the Highland Fling without stockings. If J. C. Trowbridge declines to accept the above, this challenge is open for John Mulligan, now in Philadelphia. Man and money ready at Gilson's Bean Shop, Boston, Mass. [3-1t] E. BOWERS.

TO MANAGERS AND THE PROFESSION.—Notice is hereby given that from and after this date, legal proceedings will be instigated against any infringement of the copy-right of the plays of "Camille" and "Medea," as translated and adapted by me. MATILDA HERON STOEPEL
NEW YORK, April 21st, 1862. [3-3t] W. H. PAUL, Agent.

ANOTHER DANCING CHALLENGE.—Mickey Warren will dance T. J. Peel, the winner of the late dancing match at Wallack's Old Theatre, for from $100 to $500 a side. An answer through the CLIPPER will be attended to at once. 3-1t

WM. P. SPAULDING, harpist, is requested, by a correspondent, to send his address to this office.

PHOTOGRAPHS of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, (seperate and together,) Joseph Proctor, Mad. Ponisi, Geo. Christy, Dan Bryant and Eph Horn, (in group and seperate,) Geo. Christy in 11 characters, Japanese Tommy, and in 7 characters, Helen Western, Isabel Cubas, Lucille Western, Susan Denin, Fanny Davenport, Emma Taylor, Mrs. Farren, Mary Miller, Lilly Fielding, Miss Bennet, Chas. Hale, Charley White, Barton Hill, Tom Placide, Don Juan Ximines, L. R. Shewell, J. H. Hackett, J. S. Clarke as Toodles and Tilly Slowboy, Neil Bryant, Mrs. Walcot, Rosa Wood, Anne Wilkes, Chas. Mathews, T.D. Rice, (Jim Crow,) Fanny Morant, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. Gladstane, Mary Taylor, Anna Bishop, Edwin Booth, J. W. Booth, J. B. Booth, Julia Daly, Mark Smith, Galetti, Marietta, Adah Isaacs Menken, D. Setchel, Mrs. J. H. Allen, Mrs. Wheatley, W. Wheatley, Harry Pearson, DeLave and Wife, MatildaHeron as Camille, John Collins, Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Vining, Caroline Richings, Peter Richings, Laura Keene, J. T. Raymond, Mrs. Chanfrau, Lotty Hough, Susini, Hinckley, J. W. Wallack, Jr., George Vandenhoff, Mary Shaw, Mrs. Vernon, Sara Stevens, Julia B. Barrow, Fanny Brown, A. H. Davenport, F. S. Chanfrau, Gougenheim Sisters, J. S. Clarke, Miss Henriques, Agnes Robertson, Mrs. Geo. Skerrett, Lester Wallack, Miss Kellogg, Kate Hayes, E. A. Sothern, John Brougham, Viola Crocker, Eph Horn, Mrs. Leighton, Mrs. J. R. Scott, P. T. Barnum, Commodore Nutt, Joe Jefferson, Piccolomini, S. C. Campbell, George Holland, Mary Gannon, Charlotte Cushman, Chas. Fisher, Mrs. Hoey, and hundreds of others. Price 25 cents each, or beautifully colored, 50 cents each, and sent post paid. Catalogues sent to any address on receipt of a stamp, by
3-1t* O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau st., New York.

A CARD,
FROM THE LUBIN BROTHERS.
EDITOR OF NEW YORK CLIPPER:—Your last issue contains a critique or notice calculated to place the undersigned in a wrong light before the public. In allusion to the Soirees of the Lubin Brothers at the Academy of Music, you seem to imply the belief that we are mere bungling amateurs, while you also state that "whether we judge them by their individual skill or the ingenuity of their mechanical contrivance we find equal cause for censure." Now, sir, while admitting that the performance of Monday evening, 14th, did not go as smoothly as it might or should; we still challenge the world to produce either a more extensive or more ingenuously constructed apparatus. The "Italian Harlequin," of which you say you have seen infinitely better, is, as we state, "the only one of the kind in the world." The only one ever worked at a height of 45 feet. The usual height for working such figures being four or five, never beyond eight or ten feet. That we can give and have given a good entertainment we need give no other proof than the fact of our successful season of 84 weeks at Palace Garden in this city, a week of full houses at the Brooklyn Athenæum, a week at Library Hall, Newark, with letters still in our possession, from prominent persons, requesting a second series. It is the first time in the history of the Academy that a performance was given in it during Holy Week, and finding that Mr. Green had it secured for the opera, (which takes precedence of every other entertainment in renting the house,) for the following week, we yielded the more willingly to the request for a discontinuation of what was intended as a preliminary rehearsal week for the Easter holidays. Hoping soon to have an opportunity of renewing our contemplated Soiree Magiques, and by their success gain the praise of the press and public, we have the honor to be, Your obedient servant, FRED & JEROME LUBIN.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Messrs. James Pilgrim, G. W. Kirbye, J. F. Poole, Frank B. Howard, Capt. Joseph Lockhart, Charles B. Reynolds, H. T. Mudge, and Miss Annie Eberle.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, April 28th, '62.

CARTES DE VISITE.—ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Most respectfully we beg leave to announce the reception of card photographs, with autographs attached, from the following ladies and gentlemen:—Mrs. W. C. Gladstane; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, London; Artemas Ward, (C. F. Browne); Miss Kate Reignolds; Ossian E. Dodge; J. E. Green, Chas. H. Duprez, and Frank Kent, (of Duprez & Green's Minstrels); Harry Clifford; Sam. Sharpley; W. H. Riley; Lubin Brothers; Sam. Cowell, London; Dan. Bryant; Willie Ware; Tony Pastor; H. H. Stephens, Canada; Miss Ettie Henderson; C. J. Heartwell; Billy Morris, S. C. Trowbridge, Lon. Morris, and Johnny Pell, of Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, Boston; Abner E. Brady, proprietor 7th Regiment Gymnasium; Rollin Howard, G. W. H. Griffin, of Hooley's Minstrels; J. B. Roberts; W. B. Cavanagh; G. D. Chaplin; D. Setchell; C. L. Wheeler; G. L. Bradley, Harpist; A. D. Bradley; Frank Brower; Miss Kate Ormond, of Spaulding & Rogers' South American Circus; Wm. L. Farr, of Farr's Minstrels; Alfred Nelson; C. Henry Day; Miss Minnie Jackson; Asa Cushman and Mrs. G. Melville; for all of which we tender our sincere thanks.

First week after Lent, and we don't see that our pious friends look any the better or worse for their supposed long abstinence from all worldly frivolities and festivities; our theatres have done no better the past week than they did during Lent, and it is but fair to presume that the ungodly and the piously-inclined are very much of a kind. The only thing we wonder at is, that some of our clergymen did not suggest the closing of our dramatic temples during the Lenten season, as they are supposed to have done with the Academy of Music while the magicians held possession there recently. It is not often that you come across such obliging gentlemen as they of sleight-of-hand proclivities. The "clergy" merely suggested that such performances were "more honored in the breach than in the observance," while the season of fasting and prayer was upon us, and, hesto presto, "Cagliostromantheum" disappears; the magical paraphernalia vanishes into thin air, or something of that sort; and the wizards give no one a "second sight," for they regard the clerical hint with much piety, and take themselves off, leaving but the fragrance of the first settlings of Lubin's extracts. And thus it is; we find goodness even in the magician's wand, and those who handle it; and the meek and lowly holder of a pen can show a no better scroll of devoted piety, fasting, and prayer.

There have been exciting times among concert hall people since our last, in which we announced that the Governor had signed the concert saloon bill, and it had become a law. Many persons, no doubt, imagined that all such places were to be abolished altogether, and when it was announced that the police had received orders to enforce the law, everybody seemed to feel more anxious in the matter than the managers of our saloons. The "little villain" of the *Times* seemed to regard the closing of all public music halls as a fixed fact, and he chuckled in his sleeve at the prospective ruin he had been so instrumental in bringing about. Doubtless he enjoyed the idea that the law just passed would drive many a score of "pretty waiter girls" to those "necessary evil" establishments where they might be forced to sell their favors to procure the necessaries of life, and of which places the law takes no cognizance; why, those who make the laws know best, because many of them have an interest in such haunts, and to interfere with them would be the means of unmasking themselves. Thursday evening, April 24th, was the time fixed upon to put into force the "new law," and thousands of our citizens were on the *qui vive* for an outbreak. A large force of police were held in reserve to carry out the provisions of the law at every hazard, should the "people" refuse to acknowledge "the authority." But the managers of the concert halls did not seem to fear any trouble; their halls were open as usual; the performances were going on; the girls were on hand; and crowds were unable to gain admittance into many of them, so densely were they (ah! no you don't, good critics), the saloons, filled. Everything gave token of a gala night for the benefit of the new law, and the noodles whose extreme morality had brought about this new order of things. It appears that no official notification had been given to the managers during the day, and it was not until after the performances had commenced, and the machine was in good running order for the evening, that the following general order was promulgated:—

OFFICE SUPERINTENDENT METROPOLITAN POLICE,
NEW-YORK, April 24, 1862.

Captain ——, —— Precinct:—
SIR:—You will forthwith notify the proprietors or persons in charge of such theatres, concert rooms, gardens, grounds, or other places within your precinct, where the performance of theatrical, operatic, ballet, negro minstrelsy, negro or other dancing, or any other entertainment of the stage, or any part or parts of such entertainment, or any circus performance, or where the performance of any juggler, rope dancer, or acrobats is exhibited, that until a license for such exhibition shall have been first had and obtained from competent authority, the same is unlawful; that the owners and lessees of the premises where such exhibitions take place without license, and the managers and each of the performers engaged in such exhibition, are liable to the penalty provided by law; that no wine, beer, or strong spirituous liquors shall be sold or furnished to any person in the auditorium or lobbies, or such place of exhibition or performance, or in any apartment connected therewith by any door, window, or other aperture; that no female shall be employed or be permitted to wait, attend in any manner, or to furnish any refreshments to the audiences or spectators at any such exhibitions or performances, or to any of them, or any other place of public amusement; that any violation of the law subjects the license to be revoked. The decision of the officer competent to revoke the license is not subject to be reviewed, nor can any appeal be taken therefrom, nor shall any other license be issued to any person whose license has been revoked. The penalty for such violation of the law in these cases is imprisonment in the penetentiary not less than three nor more than twelve months, or by a fine of not less than $100 nor more than $500, or by both. It is your duty, and the duty of such members of your command, to enter at any time, when not interfering with other duties, any such places of amusement, and arrest and convey away any and every person committing any of the above enumerated prohibited acts, to be dealt with according to law.
JOHN A. KENNEDY, Gen. Sup. of Police.
JAS. LEONARD, Inspector.

This order is based upon the second section of the act to abolish the concert saloon system in this city, which reads as follows:—

It shall not be lawful to sell or furnish any wine, beer, or strong or spirituous liquors to any person in the auditorium or lobbies of such place of exhibition or performance mentioned in the first section of this act, or in any apartment connected therewith by any door, window, or other aperture; nor shall it be lawful to employ or furnish, or permit or assent to the employment or attendance of any female to wait on, or attend in any manner, or furnish refreshment to the audience or spectators, or any of them, at any of the exhibitions or performances mentioned in the first section of the act, or at any other place of public amusement in the city of New-York.

The result was, that those places that had neglected to take out licenses were closed, while others that *had* licenses were compelled to stop the sale of liquors; and the waiter girls thereupon found their occupation gone. In order to test the constitutionality of the law, American Music Hall, and the Canterbury, violated the law so far as to permit a couple of the girls to sell a glass or two of liquor; they were arrested, and held to answer, and on these cases "hang the law and the prophets." Not alone are the concert saloons amenable to the new law, but the theatres are alike sufferers, for on Thursday evening the bar rooms connected with Niblo's Garden, Wallack's, the Winter Garden, etc., were closed according to law, and thus some of the very men who set this ball in motion are the first to feel its "depressing effects." It was thought that the music halls were interfering with the business of the theatres; hence, some folks connected with the latter determined to "squelch them out;" but in making the attempt, they have been bitten themselves. Many of these theatrical drinking saloons bring the managers large yearly sums for rent, and with this source of revenue cut off, they will atone in sackcloth and ashes for the part they took in the dirty work of attempting to kill off minor rival establishments. We spoke of this at the time. We spoke of the injustice of one place of amusement trying to crush out another, but no heed was paid to our remarks, and the "anti-concert saloon petition," with a long string of names attached, was rushed up to Albany with orders for the countrymen to push it through. The selfish intent, however, was too palpable, and what was intended to affect the concert saloons of New York city alone, was so enlarged as to include those of the entire State; even the Dutch shanties, to save which a strong German Republican influence was brought to bear upon the rurals, became a part and parcel of the bill, and to make it still more effective, the theatres came in for a like share of attention; and as it passed and became a law, *all* places of public amusement in the State are "common sufferers," just through the despicable attempt to close a few music halls in Broadway, and throw out of employment those who were obliged to take up with anything to eke out a living during a season of war. Truly, in this case the biter has been bitten. Josephine Bailey, a waiter girl arrested at the Canterbury, is the lovely piece of calico upon which the lawyers are to first try their batteries, and test the constitutionality of this new bill. At a special term of the Supreme Court, Justice Barnard presiding, Josephine was brought up on the 25th inst., on a writ of habeas corpus. Messrs. James T. Brady and Francis Byrne appeared for the girl. Mr. Byrne said that he had notified Mr. Cram, who represented the Juvenile Delinquent Society, and the District Attorney. It was intended to test the constitutionality of the law under which this lady was arrested. Mr. Brady said it appeared to him that the statute was defective. A return had been made to the writ. They demurred, and they intended to present the grave question as to whether this law could be legally enforced. He insisted that the action of the police in this case was one of those spasmodic efforts which occasionally seized upon that department and convulsed the community, and likened it to the celebrated raid upon the "stumptail cows," which expired, as he apprehended this would, without leaving the slightest trace of its remains. Judge Barnard remarked that it was impossible to proceed with the case then, but on Saturday morning he would endeavor to hear it.

On Saturday morning, April 26th, the case was called up in the Supreme Court, when it was decided to postpone it until Monday next, May 5th. In disposing of the case, Justice Barnard alluded to a malignant editorial which had appeared in the *Daily Times* of that day. The Justice was very severe and cutting in his remarks, and threatened to imprison the writer of the offensive article. The new concert bill promises to be one of the sensations of the season, and as Messrs. Fox and Butler are determined to test the case thoroughly, we may look for some spicy debates. On Friday night, the concert saloons on the East Side were waited upon by the police, and ordered to obey the new law, or close up altogether. There was great excitement in the Bowery. In Brooklyn, the law was put in operation on Friday evening, and Burtis' Varieties and like places were closed, no licenses having been taken out. We shall soon be able to learn whether the *Times'* man's hobby will stand the test.

G. L. Fox's Olympic, late Wallack's Theatre, was opened on the 21st inst., to a good house. In the early part of the week business was encouraging, but later in the week it fell off, and slim audiences were the rule until Saturday evening, when they were encouraged by a full house. It is hard to say, as yet, what is to be the fate of this new Olympic.

Monday evening, April 21st, was one of the most disagreeable nights for theatre goers that it was possible to imagine. A cold easterly storm of rain prevailed, rendering pedestrianism, even with the ordinary means of protection from the rain, a great inconvenience, to say the least. One would have supposed that under these circumstances the places of amusement would have been deserted, and many of them, comparatively, were; but this was not the case with the Winter Garden, at which place it was announced that Miss Kate Bateman, assisted by Messrs. Placide, J. W. Wallack, Edwin Adams, and a good stock company, would make her re-appearance before a New York public, choosing Sheridan Knowles' play of the "Hunchback" for the drama of evening. This attraction, which ordinarily would have filled house from pit to dome, drew from their cosy homes hundr of the regular theatrical *habitues*, together with the usual re sentatives of the genus critic, who, with sundry members o profession *dramatique* occupied most of the orchestra stalls a occasion. The house was well filled, and with a highly appre audience, too; one fully competent, we should judge, to the applause of the judicious and intelligent, and ere the n fell it would have been difficult to have got together more thoroughly gratified assemblage than that which witnes the performances of Monday night.

It was in 1834, we think, that we first witnessed the play of the "Hunchback." Miss Fanny Kemble took the part of Julia, and Charles Kemble that of Master Walter. Since then it has been our lot to see it performed time and again. Yet withal the fond remembrances that cling to the memory of these early days—when dramatic pictures make their indelible impressions—have not so much warped our judgment and affected our prejudices as to lead us to carp at the excellence of later representations, and certes that of Monday night did not contrast so unfavorably with those of days "lang syne" as to lead us to exclaim "Ah! you should have seen so-and-so in it, that was acting." On the contrary, we can conscientiously remark that this was acting, too, and in the most praiseworthy style of the art. We can safely say that Mr. Wallack's Master Walter takes rank with that of the first actors of the age; and, in Mr. Edwin Adams, Sir Thomas Clifford had a most able representation. The presence of this gentleman is commanding, and his reading admirable. Had no excellent reputation not preceded him, his rendering of acter assigned him on Monday would alone have insured most favorable reception at the hands of a New York audien As for Miss Bateman, her capital rendering of the difficult part of Julia elicted the most enthusiastic applause, especially in the 3rd, 4th and 5th acts, at the close of each of which she was called out. Davidge, too, as Fathom, was excellent, and we have seldom seen A. H. Davenport act his part better than he did or this occasion, his Modus bringing down the house with laughter In fact, from the highest to the lowest, each character seeme on this occasion to have its suitable exponent, and hence t excellence of the performance. We noticed Mr. Williams a his wife in the orchestra stalls among other theatrical celebriti Barney being among the bouquet contributors, his first appe ance in the character. As we passed out we saw Mr. Bate receiving the congratulations of his friends on the succes re-entree of his talented daughter. Miss Bateman continues l performances this week. Business throughout the week has be fair.

The Canterbury was all alive last week, and did an immo business, despite the threatening appearances of the "sta firmament. The manager wisely determined to obey the law for the time being, but took counsel from some of our eminent lawyers as to his future course, the result of whic test the constitutionality of the new bill before the Su Court. It was imagined in certain quarters that our mus proprietors had not the nerve to stand a suit, that they tamely submit to every interference, "and wipe their eyes." But the Albany law makers are met at the three men of more power than themselves; their bantling closely examined, and "little matters" connected with t brought to light which may cause certain "moral reform sink beneath a load of guilt. Let all interested unite a means and influence to show the illegality of this last mea

our Albany "Solomons." The Canterbury offers a rich and varied programme this week.

Nothing fresh at Barnum's, the giant and the dwarf being the standing attraction, "assisted," in the lecture room, by the dramatic company.

The Bryants' are as busy as ever, the only trouble being that they are unable to comfortably accommodate all who seek admittance into their little hall.

Just see here. Among those who have been most urgent in the passage of the Concert Saloon bill is Mr. Raymond, the "little villain" of the *Times*, and who was sadly out at the elbows at Minicio. Well, just as the new law was being put in force, the "little villain" was injured by a railroad collision, near the Susquehanna. Isn't it a remarkable coincidence? And shouldn't all persons be cautious how they trust their persons where Raymond is? Of the many cars forming the train, not one was injured except that in which the "little villain" was seated. Beware of him—he's another Jonah. Ah! "Henery," it were better you had never been born than to take up arms against a sea of troubles, in the shape of "pretty waiter girls." The proprietor of the Melodeon announces that "In consequence of a recent act of the legislature, and in accordance with the advice of counsel, he has discharged his waiter girls and closed his bar, but will furnish his guests with ice cream, lemonade, soda water, and all kinds of temperance drinks." Oh! a nice party are the concert saloon *habitues* to tempt with lemonade. Mr. Leed must be poking fun at the wiseacres of the legislature.

Mr. E. Eddy is in his third week at the New Bowery. His business has not been very good since he entered upon this last heat. The absence of Fox is felt on the "East Side," for there is no denying the fact that in his line of business he is quite a favorite with the Bowery people.

A nice card was the concert saloon bill for 444, last week. People who never thought much about such places, had their attention called to the American by the law proceedings touching that and other halls, and many of them went one eye on the show and the waiter girls for the first time; and their surprise was great when they saw nothing objectionable going on, but, on the contrary, discovered that the entertainment was equal to any they had ever seen. If this new bill should prove to be unconstitutional, music halls will be the gainers by it to a very large extent. Mark this.

Wallack's Theatre keeps on prospering with old and new comedies, given in a style equal to the best ever witnessed in this country, and perhaps in Europe. It was a rich strike when the manager hit this vein, and we presume he will follow it up as long as it produces such good results. We shouldn't wonder if another new theatre should spring up before long, "up town." We are an imitative people, as well as inventive.

Miss Jane Coombes returned to New York last week, from her recent European trip. Of her future intentions we are unadvised.

J. M. Nixon's circus will open in this city this evening in a lot on 14th street.

Notwithstanding Laura Keene's announcement that her version of the Macarthy "has been performed sixty nights with unabated success," we beg leave to differ with the lady, and assure her that for several weeks past, the piece has been performed to very bad business, indeed; the houses on most occasions of late being of the slimmest kind. Corroborative of this, we find that the manager is falling back on benefits, Mr. J. G. Burnett announcing his for this evening.

"The Enchantress" is running very well at Niblo's Garden. Miss Richings, we are informed, was up for a benefit one evening last week. We did not learn what success she met with. The credit of producing the spectacle of the Enchantress in such magnificent style belongs to Mr. Richings, and not to the trio of managers who at present control the business at Niblo's; and to the superior vocalization and acting of Miss Richings, assisted by Mr. Shewell, and a few others, is the successful reception of the performance to be attributed. The play has been curtailed somewhat, but is still too long for a Broadway audience.

The *Herald* announces that a new opera house is about to be erected somewhere in Union Place. May be so. If correct, the old shanty, the present Academy, is "a dead cock in the pit," and the stockholders will have to sing small for their dividends; while their "choice seats" won't be worth a cuss. We don't know, however, whether the *Herald* man is correct; he may be playing points to "skeer" the Academy chaps, and induce them to be a little more liberal than they have been. Grau has recently had another dab at opera at the Academy, but the *habitues* did not seem to have gotten over their previous forty days and nights of fasting, prayer, and total abstinence, and they lacked that lively spirit which is so essential to the health of an Italian opera company; so, with the Favorita, the season terminated rather unexpectedly on the 25th. Grau had a shake or two at the Brooklyn people during the week, but the Academy over there is as cold as our own, and the *habitues* equally as pious, so that the first operatic show after Easter didn't fill Grau's old stocking with the legal tender.

We have learned some particulars of the death of Danforth L. Scott, pantomimist and dancer, formerly at the old Chatham. From a comrade in the same regiment, 58th N. Y. Volunteers, Col. Lynch, it appears that Scott was among a detachment sent to charge upon an important battery. Although ultimately successful, the loss of life was dreadful. This was on Sunday, April 15th, near Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn. Scott was shot through the lungs, about 2 P. M., and died about 9 P. M. We insert these particulars because deceased had many friends in New York. What a book might be written of New York Volunteers!

The expensive places on Broadway, (one class), seem to join in the glorification of a temporary triumph over the cheap music halls. Hence we find such (not illegal) temptations as hot-house grapes, at only $5 a pound, hot-house strawberries, at only $4 a quart, etc.

The Hanlon Brothers left us in the California mail steamer of the 21st April. They just had time for a touch-and-go sample of zampillaeorostation. Presto, jig, and off again. Ditto at the Isthmus, we suppose.

By reference to the advertising portion of this department, it appears that Mickey Warren now challenges T. J. Peel on the subject of jig dancing. Mickey proposes any stake, ranging from $100 to $500, that may be agreed upon. Thus we perceive that the honors of a championship bring competition to their possessor, and we suppose that the champion must not decline or refuse, skedaddle, back down, or anything of that sort. Fair heel-and-toe work may certainly be expected, and all the preliminaries put upon a fair footing. As Warren has declared war, no doubt Peel will peel for business. "Whar's yer pirouette?"

We are glad to see that Easter Week was artistically observed by Professor Bristow and his able assistants giving a fine performance of his splendid oratorio "Praise to God" at Irving Hall. So be it, wherever artists go and Christians come.

One of our Sunday contemporaries, last week, somewhat surprised literary and artistic circles with an announcement that Mr. Henry Morford, the versatile writer, and Mr. Geo. L. Brown, the artist, intended going to Europe, and that thereupon the public might soon expect to see a volume called "Pen and Pencil in Europe." We now learn that the statement is correct enough, except in being about a year too soon.

Bottschalk is in town, intending to give two concerts and a soiree at Niblo's Saloon, towards the close of the week.

In the advertising portion of this department may be found a card from the Lubin Brothers. The document somewhat explains the reasons by which they were influenced at the time of their recent disappointment with the public at our Academy of Fine Arts. Read, mark, learn, etc.

We may confidently expect Mr. and Mrs. Florence "home again" soon. At latest dates, they intended to recruit themselves a little while at Paris. They left here last August, and returned home in the maiden trip of the new Cunard steamer Scotia, leaving Liverpool on the 10th May.

Mr. Charles Wheatleigh leaves for Europe soon, having arrived here from San Francisco.

There is a rumor in town that Laura Keene's Theatre is to close after the 29th April. A new start, or season, is spoken of. We hope Mr. J. G. Burnett (good old Father Peter) may secure a bumper to-night (28th).

A new version of "The Angel of Midnight," expressly prepared for Miss Kate Reynolds, is soon to be introduced at one of our New York theatres.

THE NONPAREIL DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave a highly creditable performance at Dramatic Hall, on the 24th April, opening with "Naval Engagements." Mr. Southall did old Admiral Kingston with good taste, and Messrs. V. Singleton, J. Proctor, and W. M. Robinson, personated Lieut. Kingston, Dennis, and Short, with commendable spirit. The ladies, Miss Mortimer and Mrs. Dentifrix, found pleasing and truthful representatives in Mrs. Clifford and Sally Burnett. Then came "The Serious Family," in which the cast was well filled by more performers than we have at present room to particularize by name. The conclusion was "Boots at the Swan," bringing forward more performers of very promising merit. We understand that the Nonpareils intend giving us a somewhat similar histrionic treat on the 18th July, when "Othello" is to be the leading item.

TESTIMONIAL.—The numerous friends of Mr. S. B. Everett contemplate tendering to that gentleman a complimentary testimonial. Due notice will be given of the affair.

DRAMATIC.

In regard to Miss Maggie Mitchell' reported flag exploit in the southern country, we have the following letter from Mr. McClannin, which endorses Miss Mitchell's denial:—FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir*,—In a communication signed Johnson Leonard, in your paper of April 19th, I am entreated to "speak out like a man," and give the lie to the statements of "Non Professional," as regards the loyalty of Miss Maggie Mitchell while in Secessia. I can only say that what he (Johnson Leonard) there states is true. It was the "Sergeant Dubourg" in the French Spy; there was a stitch flag used in the piece, as there has been in every theatre where I have seen the piece performed. There was no secession to my knowledge, in the St. Charles Theatre; certainly none openly displayed during my engagement there. The idea of using the Stars and Stripes in a French piece like the "Spy" is absurd, and could only have originated in the noodle of a "Non Professional:" certainly no sensible manager would allow it. As to the loyalty of the lady, I think it cannot be questioned. In conversation with her at various times, through a long and friendly acquaintance of many years, I have heard her give utterance to many Union sentiments which, I believed then, and do now, came from her heart. Yours truly,

Boston Museum, April 19th, '62. R. Y. MCCLANNIN.

Adelphi Dramatic Company, with Heartwell, Bolton & Co., who have so much enlivened Newark, Ohio, lately, proceed to Zanesville on the 23d of April, and unless the Zanesvillians are ladies, we have no doubt they will appreciate such a spirited troupe.

The Milwaukee Academy of Music (theatre) tried to exist as a theatre one more week by re-opening lately, but the great curse of that misnomer of a title was too strong to be avoided, and the place is now a concert saloon. The stock company have scattered. Harry Hawk, low comedian, Bradley, first old man, and others, went to Chicago, on the look out for biz.

"Ting a ling ling!" Stage manager Sidney Smith will hold a primary meeting of the ladies and gentlemen concerned with the opening of the Metropolitan, Buffalo, on the 2d of May, as actual biz. begins on the 5th. Speaking of openings, more recruits are desirable. See advertisement in this issue.

Hanchett's Dramatic Company, at Rochester, produced "The Colleen Bawn" on the 23d of April. Weather awful, and biz. slim. On the 25th, they opened at Auburn. William Marble and Geo. A. Hill, leading comedians, continue with the party.

Biz. not being particularly good with Neafie at McVicker's, in Chicago, he gave up his last two nights to Gottschalk, who gave two concerts and did well, Miss Patti charming all bad signs away except the dreadful weather. Chanfrau opened on the 21st with "The Poor of New York;" has done well, and soon "The Octoroon" is to follow. That burlesque of "Mrs. Norma" was successful.

If the present favorable state of biz. continues at the Howard, Boston, the New York party, who has been offering $1000 less than the usual annual rent, is not likely to make much impression upon the owners of the property. N. B.—The "Peep o'Day" played there is not Laura Keene's version.

Mr. C. L. Farwell, old man of the National, is an old 'un, sure enough. On the 14th of April, he celebrated the 86th anniversary of his birth day, by a "free supper," at which speeches, toasts, etc., were abundant. A host of professionals united in the festivities.

Mr. W. W. Pratt, now with the company at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, has recently finished a new Yankee domestic drama, entitled "Uncle Zeke." It was written for Messrs. E. W. Marston and C. H. Wilson; the former to sustain the part of Zeke, while the latter represents a peculiar style of Cockney servant, of the Binney pattern.

Wyzeman Marshall's company, of the Boston Athenæum, comprises Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway; Messrs. L. P. Roys, T. E. Aiken, W. H. Curtis, Old Spear, W. W. Pratt, C. H. Wilson, former stage manager of the Aquarial (Fish Theatre); F. O. Savage; Misses Kate and Molly Newton, Mrs. Sylvester, Mrs. F. O. Savage, Miss Marion Andrews, etc.

It is said that J. P. Sutton intends to open the old Beach Street Museum, Boston, for a summer season; playing vaudevilles, etc.

Mr. Stephen Griffiths, a young gentleman well known in Boston, is to make his *debut* at the Academy of Music in that city, on the occasion of a benefit for the soldiers' wives. Macbeth is the play selected.

Mr. J. Marks, an English comedian, long since retired from the stage, has opened a "Cheap John" establishment at the head of Hanover street, Boston.

Our advices from California are to March 31, in a letter from our correspondent, "Sherry Corbyn," as follows:—San Francisco, March 31, '62.—FRIEND FRANK:—Theatricals have changed but little since my last.

The American Theatre continues to be a popular resort, and though not crowded nightly, it is well attended by the *elite* of our public. To-night, the new comedy of Court Cards is being played, and from the applause the audience are bestowing upon it, I should think it a success. They have in preparation a spectacle called the "Battle of the Amazons," which will be produced in magnificent style.

The Metropolitan Theatre has not been doing well with Charles Dillon, who, by the way, is one of the most artistic performers that I have ever seen; but from some unexplained reason he does not please the majority of our play-goers. To-night he is performing in the sublime tragedy of Henry the Eighth, but the house is bad.

The Varieties (late Maguire's Opera House). This elegant little theatre, since its conversion into a Free and Easy has not been doing as well as was expected. Wm. O'Neil, who has justly earned for himself the sobriquet of "Break Engagement," is playing here, and to-night the Hawaian Dancers, lately arrived from the Sandwich Islands, will appear in one of their native dances, said to be vulgar in the extreme, and therefore the house is crowded.

Miss Lizzie Parker, a very good concert singer, attempted opera, and failed.

On the 22d, St. Francis Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1, of which Charles Schultz, the musical conductor, is foreman, took their annual benefit at the American Theatre, when Mrs. Leighton and a host of others volunteered. Three Governors visited the theatre, viz.: Gov. Leland Stanford. Lieut. Gov. Chillis, both of California; and Gov. Ney, of Nevada. They occupied three private boxes, which were elegantly decorated with American flags and fire emblems. The nett proceeds amounted to $750.

On the 26th, Crescent Engine Co., No. 10, took their benefit, when Mrs. Leighton, Harry Courtaine, and many minstrels volunteered. The nett profit exceeded $800. At a special meeting of the company, Mr. and Mrs. Leighton were elected "Honorary Members."

Charles Pope and Wife have gone up the coast to try their luck among the Oregonians.

McKean Buchanan and Daughter are still in the interior.

Mrs. Julia Deane Hayne has entirely recovered from her late indisposition, and will probably appear at the American shortly.

SHERRY CORBYN.

"Pizarrobus, or Who Killed Rollabus?" was in preparation at the American, San Francisco.

There are no signs yet of a move being made in Philadelphia towards building a theatre worthy of the second city in the United States. Of course, just at this untoward time, the success of such an enterprise might be attended with some risk, but we firmly believe it would prove a "big thing" in the end, and reward those who should be engaged in the speculation. Of late years, new and beautiful theatres have been erected in every section of the country almost, but in Philadelphia there is nothing new; there are three theatres there, but all of the old fogy pattern, and what would be termed third-class houses in New York. With a first-class theatre, and a first-class company attached to it, a legitimate revival, something like that which Wallack is now experiencing, might be brought about in Philadelphia. The Quaker City is behind the age with its theatres.

The St. Louis correspondent who promised us an especial letter, in regard to the charges made against the loyalty of Maggie Mitchell, fully agrees with our publication of that from Johnson Leonard, in our issue of April 19th, and therefore asserts that "the two being so near alike, the second would be useless."

Macfarland's Metropolitan, Detroit, made something of a splurge on the 21st April, when "Hamlet" and "A Kiss in the Dark" were on the bill. W. H. Riley was the Hamlet, the "sole lessee and manager" was the Polonius, and James W. Craig the First Grave Digger. These, with J. W. Albaugh as Laertes, Geo. Hutchinson (not Granite State) as The Ghost, C. M. Davis as the King of Denmark, and Marcus Bates as Horatio, made a strong team in the male line. Mrs. H. F. Nichols was the Queen, and Jessie Macfarland the Ophelia. No doubt James Craig was quite at home in such a Caledonian company. They must get up quite a blue-bonnet cast when they give "Macbeth."

Senorita Cubas and party opened at last in the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 21st April, and no mistake this time. The first two days were as rainy as the recent Western allowance has deluged that section. Nevertheless, the biz. was good all the week. Col. T. Allston Brown preceded her to Cincinnati, where her party open at the National, on the 29th April. There being no train out of Pittsburgh on Sunday, it was impossible for the dancing Senorita to commence at Cincinnati on the 28th, as originally intended.

Col. T. Allston Brown's biographical sketch of Mrs. T. S. Chanfrau, recently published in one of our columns under his name and authorship, is, we are now assured, mistaken in regard to the lady's maiden name, and some other interesting particulars.

Myers' Dramatic Company opened in Providence, R. I., on the 28th. Miss Cecile Rush is the star, but no rushlight, for there is a great rush to see her. This and next week are laid off for Providence, after which the party return to enliven Fall River and New Bedford. Of course, Asa Cushman remains as right-hand man, stage manager, etc. A fine party and an agreeable circuit.

We have previously noticed the opening of the Academy of Music, Cleveland, with Sallie St. Clair as first star. Sallie comes on to Buffalo, to commence with the dramatic season at the Metropolitan there on the 5th of May. But Manager John E. Ehsler's "regulars" at Cleveland form a goodly company. John E. himself is a right good first old man. James C. McCollum, leading man; W. H. Briggs, juveniles and light comedy; O. P. De Groot, olds and heavies; J. F. Noyes, first walking gentleman; W. H. Davis, second heavies; Wm. Sands, T. Jones, J. Purcell, utility. Mesdames Effie Ellsler, Bradshaw, Lida Boque, Rachel Noah, B. Bradshaw, Granger, Nelly Davis, etc., are among the ladies.

Mrs. Ada (Plunkett) Parker is now at the New Athenæum, Washington.

Kate Reignolds will soon visibly perform the Invisible Prince at the Boston Museum. Young Boston has its "vizor up."

Geo. Pauncefort will soon open the Springfield (Mass.) Theatre. He has Messrs. J. O. Sefton, John Chester, J. B. Fuller, Loveday, etc., with Mesdames S. B. Wilkins, Annie Eberle, Isabella Freeman, etc.

The Howard, Boston, has the *rale* "Peep o'Day," and we are glad to see Wyzeman Marshall realize his best expectations.

The Webb Sisters are said to have much increased their fame while recently performing at the National, Cincinnati.

At the Holliday-street, Baltimore, Lucille Western and Julia Parker have made a good hit in "East Lynne, or The Elopement," for Manager John T. Ford. The general merit of the stock company needs no particularization, and we are glad "Old Baltimo" is safe and "right side up, with care."

At the Walnut, Philadelphia, Miss Thompson, since the 21st April, has had the support of Barton Hill, who then made his first appearance at that house as Armand Duval, in "Camille." On the 25th April, Miss Thompson had a benefit, and made her first appearance as the heroine in a new play, called "Elinor of Cleves."

Quinlan's Varieties, formerly the Old Centre Street Theatre, Cleveland, Ohio, is on a course of adaptation between the dramatic and the music hall business. The proprietor, T. J. Quinlan, seems fully equal to the emergency, and the public rewards him with good biz. He has J. H. Reynolds for stage manager, and Prof. J. Juch as musical director.

Aiken & Wilkinson's Troy (N. Y.) Theatre did a fair biz. for four nights, commencing on the 21st of April, with "The White Terrror" and "The Secret," but on the 25th and 26th, the bill was changed to "Charlotte Temple" and "The Wild Knight," with an improved biz. Troy is well graced by this establishment. We have already given the names of the stock company. The management now has Aiken & Wilkinson as sole lessees; C. Wilkinson, acting manager; Albert Aiken, treasurer; G. Williams, scenic artist; J. Lewis, prompter; G. L. Aiken, stage manager; O. H. Holcomb, musical director; W. H. Ball, machinist; C. Leonard, stage decorator, etc. On the 28th of April, a new piece was brought out dramatizing the Monitor affair.

At the Arch, Philadelphia, Mr. John Drew continues to draw. He played O'Callaghan and Handy Andy on the 25th of April, and seems to draw as well as ever he drew.

In Philadelphia the theatres are doing a middling business. The Arch retains John Drew as the star, who is now in the last ten of a hundred nights. The sensation drama, "Crahoore-na-Bilhoge," was not successful, and came to an end on the 26th. "The Groves of Blarney" is now being tried.....Laura Keene's version of "The Macarthy," as produced at the Continental, failed to please, and it has been withdrawn to give "Uncle Tom" another chance, and this week the great moral drama will be revived; and "no theatrical entertainment will be given in connection with the above refined and elegant entertainment."..... Miss Charlotte Thompson enters upon her fourth week at the Walnut. A new play called "Elinor of Cleves" was produced last week, without creating much interest, and this week another new one, entitled "Adelheid," from the German, is to be brought out.

MUSIC HALLS.

The Melodeon, Pittsburgh, caved in as a place of amusement on the night of the 19th April. The morning papers in the Iron City are much opposed to the cheap music halls.

Manager Deagle, at the Varieties, St. Louis, continues to ride successfully on the shoulders of "Sindbad the Sailor," and make him "run" well at that. Of course all the old favorites remain, and Tom Cony is in fine feather, always conical as well as comical. A new ballet, by Constantine, is in preparation, entitled "Andalusia." Like Andalusian Sherry, no doubt. Thus it is plain how Deagle gets his eagles.

The Melodeon, St. Louis, is soon to have Johnny Collins, the clog-dancer. A new pantomime, called "The Magic Barrel," is in preparation. There need be no doubt that the aforesaid barrel will not turn out an empty compliment. Jerry Merrifield will see to that.

That Bowery Music Hall they have in St. Louis keeps on in its course of success. Professor Madden and his daughters are the latest additions, and Manager Jake Esher has "more a comin'."

The Canterbury, Chicago, is one of the favorite music halls in that city. Geo. Howe, the ballad-singer, had a benefit lately.

The Zouave sisters did not draw largely during their opening in Pittsburgh. By the injudicious advice of a friend of the manager, a very large hall was taken, with the children as the only attraction; and although the little ones were well received so far as applause goes, yet the "spons" turned up scattering. The commander of the forces then sounded a retreat to more comfortable quarters, retiring in "good order," as the rebels usually say when they have met with a disaster. Our little Zouave girls next pitched their tents at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, where they have been doing quite a fine business, and making up for past mistakes. They are clever little performers, and go through the drill with remarkable precision and nicety.

M'lle. Brignoli has left Trimble's, Pittsburgh, and gone to Cleveland. Miss Brignoli's Union songs seem to have made her quite a favorite in the Smoky City.

W. Griffin, jig dancer, who had been with Woodruff's Mozart Hall Varieties Company, in Louisville, Ky., was the last of that party in Louisville at last accounts, and he was about to dance his way to St. Louis.

Gilbert's Melodeon, San Francisco, was doing remarkably well, Little Lottie being the chief attraction; and the Bella Union is also doing well, with Harry Courtaine as the star.

Wray, at his hall in Philadelphia, is as clever a performer as there is in the business, in his line. We are glad to hear that he is doing a fair share of business.

In Albany, "Othello's occupation's gone," for on Friday evening, through the co-operation of a person connected with one of the morning papers there, who, probably, had not been "seen" long enough, the Gaiety was closed at a moment's notice, no license having been exacted from the halls in Albany. However, a license will be asked for this week; in the meantime the saloon is undergoing repairs, and will probably open the 1st of May as a Varieties, and so continue until the law is tested. *All the people were discharged.* Mr. Samuel Fitzpatrick was recently presented by the employees of the Gaiety with a gold watch and chain valued at $125. Mr. C. Lewis made the presentation speech.

The Melodeon, Philadelphia, (late Frank Rivers') is to be opened on Wednesday evening, April 30th, under the management of Mr. Wm. Butler, brother of Robert Butler, of 444 Broadway, New-York. Hernandez, who is an immense favorite in Philadelphia, is the opening attraction. A splendid programme is to be offered on the opening night, and every preparation is being made to make the Melodeon what it was when first opened under the management of Frank Rivers. Mons. La Thorne is to direct the stage business. Happily, the "New-York Concert Bill" cannot be twisted to operate against Philadelphia saloons. What will the *Times* man say to this? Only to think, a "metropolitan law" ineffective in the Quaker City.

That new and beautiful Opera House, built and owned by the Young Men's Society, in Detroit, seems to be a permanent success. It has already had Herrmann, Gottschalk (and Carlotta Patti), and Prof. Siddons, all within about two weeks. At the same time, Geo. Christy's party, and Hooley's Minstrels, have done well at Fireman's Hall. Well done, Detroit!

Boston, like New York, made a due observance of Easter Week. The artistic treat consisted of a splendid performance of Haydn's "Creation" by the Handel and Haydn Society, at the Music Hall.

Beller's Concert Hall, Detroit, has rather walked into the theatrical patronage there. "De fax am so," and we must report them. Manager Macfarland, at the Metropolitan, has to "stand the press," somehow.

Gilbert's Melodeon, San Francisco, seems one of the lively places on the Pacific side. The company has Messrs. C. Bachus, Joe Murphy, George H. Coes, Wm. Bernard, J. De Angelis, Ned Hamilton, C. F. Shattuck, Tim Darling, George Secamp, H. Williams, Wm. Evert, F. H. Oldfield, Geo. W. Johnson, J. H. Frost, W. H. Smith, etc., with Mdlles. Lotta, Lamereux, Adela Sagar Lizzie Smith, Nora Rosa, etc.

CIRCUSES.

Geo. S. Cole left Montreal on the 28th of April, to join the muster of Mabie's party at Delavan, Wis., being engaged with them for the summer.

John Nathans is engaged for L. B. Lent's Circus, which will soon start out.

R. Sands is mustering his forces at Chicago, and will make a dashing start very soon.

Mabie's elephants will be under Cravan, their usual performer, for the ensuing season. George Woodruff, who was so much injured by the lioness, last year, is already at the rendezvous, Delavan, Wis., but is yet obliged to walk on crutches.

D. F. Fillmore, the show-bill painter, is in Buffalo, and open to conviction from any circus company needing the services of such a useful artist.

Herr Driesbach intends to be before the public once more about the 15th May, when the results of good training and wise living will be more than ever apparent.

Joe Pentland, the clown, had arrived in San Francisco, where he is engaged to perform with Wilson's troupe. His wagons, etc., which reached there on the 30th March, on the ship Radiant, 110 days from New York, were being taken from on board ship when the last steamer sailed. Wilson's concern was expected to commence operations in a few daws, Wm. Pridham, advance agent, being in Stockton, making arrangements for the advent of the great show.

Bobby Williams, the equestrian clown, has been engaged by Goodwin & Wilder, who commence the circus season at Roxbury, Mass., on Monday, April 28. Old Bobby has long ranked deservedly high in the profession, and by his inimitable comicalities and funny eccentricities, often brings down the house.

John C. Rivers, the "Great Union Clown," has been engaged to join Goodwin & Wilder's Circus Company, for the approaching season. John C. will thus see more of circus life, and the public see a jaunty and talented performer, with rivers of telling jokes.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

By an advertisement at the head of our "Theatrical Record," the reader may perceive that the recent trial of skill between Peel and Carroll has "stirred the stumps" of other parties on the subject of saltatory exercises. Brudder E. Bowers challenges Brudder J. C. Trowbridge, on a straight jig, for $500 a side. Also, for $500 a side, on a Highland fling without stockings. In case Brudder Trowbridge declines, this double *deft* is put under the nose of John Mulligan, at present in Philadelphia. Gentlemen, "will you, will you, come to the bower that is shaded for you?" This will wake up both Boston and Philadelphia. Let us see which party holds the "best bower." No doubt Friend Trowbridge can understand who "trow dat last brick." Go in, boys; anything but a double-shuffle. Success to heel-and-toe-ology!

Hooley's Minstrels were at that "Capital City," Columbus, Ohio, on the 19th, with "a right smart chance" for staying—if they could—having good biz. They appear at Chicago soon.

Tim Hayes, the clog dancer, now traveling with Hooley's Minstrels, seems to attract a full share of admiration wherever this admirable troupe appears. At Brainard's Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, this honor in favor of that "particular star" was particularly apparent.

Wood's (Sylvester Bleeker's) Minstrels play out the last three days of April at the Brooklyn Athenæum. Whether they will "move on" on the 1st of May depends, we suppose, upon how the Brooklynites pay their silver quarters to make Sylvester's party like their quarters.

The New Orleans Opera Troupe are said to have received $200 on opening at Milford, Mass., recently. We hope there is no mistake about these "niggers." Our correspondent explains that the troupe had performed there previously, and established a good reputation among the Milfordians.

Carncross & Dixey's, and Sanford's Minstrels are in full competition this week in Philadelphia; the former at Sanford's old Opera House, in Eleventh above Chestnut, and the latter at the lower saloon of Concert Hall, in Chestnut above Twelfth streets. Carncross & Dixey's forces we gave in a previous issue. Sanford's new party is composed of the following named performers:—Sig. Rafacle Abecco, M. Ainesley Scott, Joseph A. Palmer, Prof. Buch, J. H. Holliden, A. Hughes, Thomas A'Becket, Julia and James Sanford, Arthur Voelden, Chas. W. Stevens, E. Kendall, Prof. Strade, J. M. Glenn, H. Dougherty, J. Paul, Samuel S. Sanford. Both companies will do their best this week to ensure a good footing, and endeavor to gain the inside track. We shall visit both houses during the week, and give our opinion of the respective merits of the companies in our next.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Montreal has now a permanent attraction—a sort of *piece de resistance*, as our French friends might say—at Mons. J. E. Guilbault's Botanic and Zoological Garden. He has lately made some great improvements, in conjunction with his Museum, and the establishment is now good for "all the year round." The Quoit ground is one of the new and popular features, realizing our "notions" exactly, in reference to combining out-door with in-door amusements. The menagerie and Circus are large enough to accommodate transient visitors in that line, and we think that our showmen friends would be glad to find such available quarters, in case of a trip to Canada.

The yarns we receive about that Heller magician are somewhat too steep for our use, especially as many have a very "puffy" appearance. One, however, comes from a source not likely to be "caught with chaff." It appears that, while recently performing in Wooster, Wayne county, Ohio, Heller honored the hat of a certain Doctor among the audience, and took out a whole suit of baby clothes, etc., right on the square, with a dozen of diapers for a finisher. The Doctor got vexed, and Heller said that as the Doctor could not not keep his temper he might not keep the clothes, so that Heller changed his intention of making the Doctor a present of the linen goods and kept them himself, alleging as another reason that he did not know what might happen, some day, in his own family. Next morning the Doctor consulted a lawyer. Lawyer laughed. The Doctor's office was in the same building that the Heller magician performed in. Heller went in the afternoon, to arrange some of his diabolical apparatus. Coming down stairs, Heller received something very much like a broken egg, on his coat. Heller went back. Doctor also went back, so far as to deny all knowledge of the circumstance. Thus the matter stood at latest dates, but more serious results are threatened.

The whereabouts of C. B. Reynolds and company is a subject of inquiry among some of our correspondents.

D. Allen's Tableau Company left Keene, N. H., on the 12th April, and are now in Vermont.

Pearson's Diorama of the War is doing good biz. at Horticultural Hall, Worcester, Mass., and "the heart of the Commonwealth" seems much moved by its exhibition. Where is Banvard?

General Tom Thumb and staff were at Steubenville, Ohio, on the 23d and 24th April, and are now at Pittsburgh. The General has recently been presented with a splendidly mounted breech-loading rifle, by I. R. Brown, Esq., of Cincinnati. The rifle is suitable for "one of his size," but, also like the General, is a perfect specimen of its kind.

There is a Panorama of the War exhibiting at Milford, Mass., painted by Hartt, formerly with Burton at the Chambers street, New York.

Ossian E. Dodge and company are dodging hither and hayward into all of the public and covert places of New England. Bernard Covert, composer—now sixty-two years of age—and author of the music of "Jamie's on the Stormy Sea," "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," and "Sword of Bunker Hill," has joined Mr. Dodge's troupe, and the company last week held forth as follows:—Monday, Greenwich, R. I.; Tuesday, Danielsonville; Wednesday, Stonington; Thursday, Mystic; Friday, New London, Ct.; and Saturday, Norwich, Ct.

We understand that A. J. Talbot, the Ethiopian comedian, and Miss Emma Miles, the *danseuse*, are in Baltimore, and wish engagements. See advertisement at head of this department.

The Aztec Children did a good biz. in Montreal, and left for Chicago on the 28th.

Alf. Burnett was last heard from on the 19th April at Wyman's Hall and Museum, St. Louis. Alf. wonders how it is that Mrs. Holman has not answered his two last letters. Speaking of Wyman, the Wizard, he was at Buffalo, with ventriloquism and dancing babies, five days, until the 26th April.

Among our "Circus" items the reader may perceive that the renowned Herr Driesbach soon resumes the "tented" field of circus business, and leaves the beautiful fields of his fine farm, near Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio. The Herr understands the judicious alternation of crops, and feels so youthful that he must "take a hand or give a foot" when Summer comes. If Ohio has any lions, tigers, or such like, now is their time to sing out, or for ever after hold their—jaw. As for a few odd "b'ars," they are hardly worthy of Driesbach's notice. He is a cultivator—he is—and any wild beast wishing to cultivate his acquaintance will find a two-handed welcome. When at home, Driesbach is nearly all the time in his garden.

No wonder some of our performers are so "miscellaneous," and no wonder that we can find no other classification for such versatile as well as ubiquitous geniuses. There is Ned Knickerbocker, for instance. He is clown, jester, and a whole Young America rolled into a single individual. He has now been, and gone, and "joined" in with Billy Sparks. Well, Billy Sparks is commonly called the cannon-ball man, the rock-breaker, the horse-puller, etc., in short, a commissioner of deeds would be tempted to describe Billy more easily by what he is not than by what he is. Ned Knickerbocker goes with Billy to do the additional business of bone-player, banjoist, and jig-dancer. They were at Stoughton, Wis., on the 21st April, and introduce their knick-knacks at Milwaukee about the 1st May.

Wm. Woodroffe's Bohemian Glass Blowers are at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y. With E. J. White as agent, this attractive exhibition is at present in the western part of this State.

That experimental Elocution Class at Brigham Hall, Binghamton, N. Y., seems to have met with success. On the 25th April, the members gave "Pizarro" and "Born to Good Luck," for the benefit of Hank Cross. Among the interludes were ballads and jigs, in which the beneficiary and a Mr. Shea distinguished themselves as promising performers. Let the main idea be carried out, and classes for elocution be formed in every town.

Artemas Ward lectured at Library Hall, St. Louis, on the 21st April, and illustrated "Sixty Minutes in Africa."

Mons. Martenia has "fell out" with Curly Jack, and now travels with Charley Switz. They do some rope walking, a little pedestrianism, and a good deal of sparring, because Switz has the name of being "Champion of Colorado." As a slack-wire and tight-rope performer, Martenia holds his usual course. Martenia & Switz are now on their way to Central City, Pike's Peak, to open a concert room there, and call it the Colorado Varieties. They left Lawrence on April 15th, and Kansas City on the 25th.

A monster concert, by amateurs, intended to perform at St. Louis, about the 25th April, for the benefit of the Soldier's Aid Society.

The Hutchinson Family have been looking after "The Good Time Coming" in and around Philadelphia.

The 23d April, the 298th anniversary of the birthday of Shakespeare, was celebrated for the first time in Boston, at the Hancock House. There are persons who conscientiously believe that the memory of Shakespeare needs no such adventitious aids among the hearts of all who speak the English language. However that may be, we must say that the present affair was well done. About sixty professional gentlemen were present. Dr. J. P. Ordway, an admirable choice, was in the chair. Among the (side dish) speakers were E. L. Davenport, John Davies, Dr. Edwin Adams, W. W. Pratt, C. H. Blanchard, G. G. Spear, G. N. Davenport, etc. Two poems, written for the occasion, were delivered by their authors, A. Wallace Thaxter and William Ball. These are all "good men and true," just such as know how to start "the feast of reason and the flow of foul" for any great and noble object. A committee was appointed to organize the perpetuation of this agreeable observance, for, as Shakspeare has made the Prince of Wales (Edward V.) say of Julius Cæsar, so we may say of Shakespeare himself—

"Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life."

Professor J. S. Rarey is hunting up wild colts and vicious horses, to illustrate his forthcoming course of lectures at the Music Hall, Boston, commencing on the 5th of May. We hardly dare to think of what Theodore Parker, D. D., might have said to this. Rarey has the merit of utility, at least, and is musical also, so far as drumming goes. What Theodore Parker did with the Boston Music Hall may now be seen South of the Potomac. A black (contraband) swan is no *rara avis* in these days.

Mrs. Manager Mary E. Lorton, widow of the recently deceased Manager Lorton, of the Louisville Theatre, is now the wife of Mr. Geo. R. Fuller, a non-professional gentleman residing in Louisville.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels seem to be on a fine run of luck with their frontier tour. They are in Montreal this week. They want another good end-man, and seem to have a preference for Jim Clark, if not otherwise engaged. However, see their advertisement at the head of this department A fine opening, and a good end-game.

Detroit is a spunky place for taking up challenges, and we learn that little Clara Burton is considered a match for Kate Stanton in the matter of jig dancing. Little Clara is a pupil of Kate Partington's, we believe. Strike up, music! Let the girls begin.

Lee Mallory, well known in the North, is exhibiting a Panorama of the Rebellion at Richmond, Va.

Robert Johnston is now organizing a dramatic company, to play under canvas, in the rear of our army of the Potomac.

Matilda Heron threatens to sue every actress who may presume, unauthorized, to play her version of "Camille," beginning with Lotty Thompson.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Since leaving the Prince of Wales, Liverpool, on the 5th April, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Watkins have been performing at Sunderland.

Henry Vandenhoff seems tolerably successful with his new play, "Faith in Love." Desirable article.

Miss C. Harron, "The Happiest Girl Out," will soon leave Dublin for London.

Our British or American admirers of the memorable Miss Smithson, will regret to learn that her mother, Mrs. Harriet Smithson, is in very straitened circumstances on account of ill health. Her address is 128 Central-street, City-road, London.

Mons. Belart

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

GALLANT AND DETERMINED FIGHT

BETWEEN

J. BALDOCK AND JACK BROOKES, FOR £50.

On Wednesday, April 9, the lovers of a mill had a gala day in witnessing a couple of fights brought off in the home district with the greatest success. Both battles had been fixed for the day previous, in the same ring as Nolan and Thomas fought in, but a postponement was necessary on account of the ill-natured interference of the "authorities." The first appointed to take place was that between the well-known Jack Brookes, of Norwich, and a novice of the name of J. Baldock, for £25 aside, at 9st. The other was between a member of the Jewish persuasion, Ben Bandoff, and J. Hopkins, of Bristol (a novice), for £10 a side, at catch-weight. The performances of Brookes have been of such a sort that we append the principal of them. John Brookes was born at Norwich, December 10, 1835. Standing 5ft. 6in. in height, and on the present occasion weighed 9st. His first appearance in the ring was a victory. It was many years since, with Chapman, of Norwich, for £5 a side, defeating him after fighting thirty rounds in 1 hour and 10 minutes. The next attempt he made was with Tom Tyler, whom he beat, for £20 a side, in 50 rounds, 1 hour and 30 minutes, at Long Reach, December 20, 1854. Beat Reeves, £10 a side, 38 rounds, which lasted 55 min., at Mildenhall, June 26, 1855. In his next essay he was beaten by Jack Hicks, for £25 a side; 44 rounds, in 1 hour and 50 min., at Leigh, May 6, 1856. Beat Ingram, £25 a side, 47 rounds, in 1 hour and 55 min., half-way house, August 19, 1856. Fought Dan Morris, £50 a side, 104 rounds, which lasted 2 hours and 45 min.; police interfered; Long Reach, June 23, 1857. The referee named the following Saturday for another meeting, when the police again marred the enjoyment. But it having been proved that the "blues" were "specially" sent for by Morris' friends, Brookes received the stakes. Beaten by Thomas, £25 a side, 55 rounds, in 1 hour and 37 min., down the river, Oct. 5, 1858.

Notwithstanding that Jack Brookes is somewhat of a *bon vivant* and *free liver*, as soon as the match under notice was in full swing, he by degrees weaned himself from his usual pursuits, and did not leave a stone unturned to bring himself into thorough form. The final portion of his preparation was taken at Buckhurst-hill, Essex, in company with John Lawley as his mentor, who most certainly brought him to the scratch in beautiful condition. John Baldock is twenty-one years of age, having been born at Islington, March 17 (St. Patrick's Day), 1841. In height he is about five feet seven inches and a half, and nine stone in weight. His previous performances in the ring have been *nil*, although he has long borne a good reputation as a boxer with the gloves, as well as giving a good account of those with whom he has had a casual turn-up. He was backed by a Mr. Rofe, and friends, who placed him under the superintendance of Young Billy Shaw, who was wonderfully "fond" of his chance of victory. He was trained by Dick Lewis (the Clerkenwell ped), at the New Copenhagen, Garratt-lane, Wandsworth, and for a certainty no man was ever placed in a ring in finer fettle. The articles stated that the men were to weigh the day before fighting, which ceremony was gone through on Monday, about half-past three o'clock, at Jemmy Shaw and Son's, Queen's Head, Haymarket, when both the men were a trifle within the stipulated weight. The betting at this period was 6 to 5 on Brookes, who was backed from the East-end. The trip was a water excursion, and so well arranged were the time and means of transit that the contest was brought to a satisfactory conclusion, as far as the non-attendance of the marplots was concerned. Great dispatch was made in pitching the stakes, which was only just concluded when Brookes threw in his cap, and entered the ring, having George Woody and Jack Hicks for his seconds. Baldock was soon after him, attended by Mike Cocklin and Ben Terry, of Birmingham. Brookes' colors were a handkerchief with a white centre and small black spot, having a dark magenta and yellow spotted square for a border; and a white ground with roses in the centre and a rose-running border with mauve intermixed, was the standard hoisted by Baldock. Some spirited betting took place at 6 to 4 on the Norwich pet. The referee was soon picked, and the toss for corners having been decided in favor of Baldock, exactly at forty minutes past one the men commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both men advanced to shake hands with great alacrity. No one could have imagined that the present was Baldock's maiden appearance within the ropes and stakes. Each placed himself in the most approved attitude, Baldock, if anything, with his left the higher as well as the more advanced. The weight to which he was restricted must have proved an arduous task to get to in training, for every muscle and tendon in his sinewy frame showed distinctly beneath the skin, rising and falling with every motion of his arms and body as he sparred. He has fine width of shoulder, with good depth of chest, great length of arm, and, in fact, every requisite for a good boxer. Jack Brookes is well known, but a description of his *physique* will enlighten those who are not acquainted with him. His countenance is of the Roman order, having rather prominent features, but with a merry, devil-may-care look. He has very finely developed shoulders and arms, the muscles of the back and loins very well brought out, and with rare good understandings. His arms are well interspersed with muscle, sinew, &c., and, finally, his hands are like cast iron—warranted to last. It was soon evident that fighting and not sparring would be the order of the day. Baldock, who took things very coolly, crept close, and feinted, but Brookes got out of distance. He returned the feint, and in getting back very nearly slipped down. Brookes, who sparred very fast, dashed his left on the nose, but not very heavily, and "ducked," the return going over the shoulder. Brookes soon again got his left on the chest, Baldock returning on the body. Brookes rushed to a close; good exchanges on the body, until the novice got the hold and threw Brookes, but not heavily. The round lasted three minutes. Betting, 2 to 1 on Brookes.

2. Both came up to time, and commenced proceedings *instanter*, by getting on fine left-handed counters, Brookes delivering on the eye, Baldock on the neck. They closed and a tussle for the fall ended in favor of Baldock, who was uppermost.

3. Very little sparring was exhibited before they got at it with a will, and had rattling exchanges, Baldock getting on the forehead and nose, drawing *first blood*, claimed and allowed; Brookes on the eye and throat. Tremendous right and left exchanges followed on the head and body, until they closed, when more body blows were exchanged, until they struggled for the fall, which Brookes obtained by backheeling the novice, and falling on him.

4. Both were rather blown from their exertions in the hard infighting of the previous round, and sparred for wind. Baldock, impatient, dashed out his left at the body, Brookes with his left on the mouth, and ducked; they then closed, each hitting rather wildly and too high, the blows telling on the forehead. A good rally to the ropes ensued, and, the novice getting the best of the hold, Brookes got down. Time, 10 min.

5. No time was wasted in manœuvring. Brookes planted his left on the mouth, and right on the side of the head. The novice missed with both hands, and broke away. Counters with the left, Brookes stopping the novice's, but planting his own on the left eye. After a little sparring, Baldock succeeded in getting a little one on "Johnny of Norfolk's" nose, who returned the compliment on the eye. Good counters on the mouth with the left brought on exchanges in favor of Brookes, who forced the fighting. Baldock retreated, and, the ground being very slippery, he fell backwards. Time, 14 min. 30 sec.

6. Baldock came up with his left eye flushed and his nose swollen; Brookes having a graze on the right temple and his lip bleeding. Brookes soon commenced operations by landing his left on the cheek, and stopping the return prettily. He tried the same game again, getting well away from the return. Baldock, who would not be denied, went to close quarters, and landed on the mouth as he went in, Brookes missing a real good attempt with the right. A rally to the ropes, where Brookes slipped down.

7. Both came up strong and willing, and without any serious marks of punishment. Very little sparring took place before left-handed counters were exchanged on the mouth, Baldock getting his right on the side of the head as well. A couple more good counters were exchanged, Brookes planting on the left eye, the novice on the forehead. After breaking away, Brookes got on a long-shot with the left on the chin, and again on the eye, missing the return by ducking, but in trying to recover his perpendicular, he slipped, and went to grass.

8. Both were flushed and blowing as they came up, and with several suspicious bumps on the cheek bones and forehead. As soon as they got within shot, counters were delivered, each getting on the forehead. Brookes' left visited Baldock's left eye, the Norwich Pet catching a warm one on the nose. Baldock, in getting back, slipped down, but got up and renewed the round. Baldock got his left heavily on the chest, Brookes on the cheek. Baldock rushed to a close, and missed with his right twice, Brookes just slipping down out of danger from the last. Time, 22 min.

9. They sparred very viciously over the ring until they got within shot, both being short with the left twice, when the novice got his left on the nose, Brookes returning quickly on the chin, and rushed to a close. Both tried their right as they met, but closing, both were down.

10. Very little sparring, both being too anxious to try conclusions. Brookes feinted with the left, and jumped back; he tried to repeat the same game, but the young-'un dashed in, and counters followed, Norfolk getting on the nose; Baldock, being too high, was on the forehead. Right and left exchanges took place until they broke away, and both slipped down, the novice on his seat of honor, Brookes on one knee and hand, after missing a good right-hander.

11. After sparring for some short space of time, they countered well on the nose, after which Brookes got a couple of left-handers on the mouth for nothing. Baldock got the left on the eye, and went in left and right. Brookes stopped the left-hander, and slipped down as he retreated, escaping a terrific right-hander by so doing.

12. After a short bout of sparring, both delivered their left, short at the head, after which Brookes planted his left on the mouth without a return. Sparring all over the ring, Brookes on the nose, escaping the return. Counters exchanged, Brookes getting home on the nose, Baldock on the forehead. These tactics brought on a rally, in which Brookes visited Baldock's nose, the novice retaliating by getting the left well on the body, and the right fairly on the jaw, knocking Brookes down on to his knees.

13. Baldock's left eye was greatly flushed, and his mouth and nose swollen; Brookes' face was much heightened in color, and bleeding from the nose and mouth. Baldock got on a couple of light ones on the chin and throat. Counters were well delivered, Brookes on the mouth, Baldock on the chest, when they rallied to a close, and some fine half-armed hitting took place on the body and side of the head, until Brookes slipped down.

14. Very fast sparring all over the ring, Baldock following Brookes, who appeared rather tired. The novice got well home on the ribs with the right, catching a reminder on the mouth. They stood and fought hit for hit on the nose, mouth, and forehead, until they closed, but soon broke away, and fought determinedly to the ropes, where, after a rattling rally, Brookes slipped down, receiving a heavy right-hander when on the ground. An appeal was made by Brookes's second, but the referee ordered them to fight on, the blow having been delivered *before he was down*.

15. Each was evidently bent upon mischief, but in their eagerness to administer, both were short with the left. At a second attempt each got home, Brookes on the nose, Baldock on the mouth; a repetition followed. The young-'un got on the body with the left without a return, but getting within shot, Brookes got a heavy right-hander on the side of the head, and fell from the force of his own blow.

16. Rather tedious sparring; Brookes at last got on the mark. More sparring all over the ring; both short with the left, and Brookes fell from the slippery state of the ground, but jumped up and renewed the round. Good exchanges with both hands in Brookes's corner, where he tried to cross Baldock with his right, but the latter was pursuing the same tactics, and getting home first heavily on the nose, Brookes fell like a lump of lead, showing marked signs of punishment. A scene of great commotion followed in Brookes's corner, and when time was called Brookes was half standing, half reclining, gasping for breath, and having water poured over his head to recover him. 2 to 1 was offered he could not come up.

17. On time being called, Brookes, to the astonishment of every one, scrambled from his second's knee and staggered to meet his opponent, who tried to give Brookes the *coup de grace*, and fairly fought Brookes down.

18. Brookes all abroad, tried most gamely to resume the offensive, but was receiver-general, until he was again fought down at the ropes.

19 to 21. Although Brookes was slightly recovering, still he had not a chance in consequence of his weak state from loss of blood from the nose: and, notwithstanding the fine attention of his seconds, he was not able and had not had sufficient time to shake off the effects of the right-hander in the sixteenth round. Exchanges followed, when Baldock closed and threw Brookes a heavy back fall.

22 to 26. Brookes, who was recovering slowly, got in a few little ones in exchange for the pile drivers administered by Baldock, who invariably fought his way to a close, and either drove Brookes to the ropes, where he slipped down, or closed and threw him in the middle of the ring.

27. Despite the throw in the last round, Brookes came up apparently much stronger, and tried all in his power to resume the offensive. He sparred strongly. Baldock visited the ribs with the left; Brookes, rather wild, missed a straight one, and after a couple of exchanges Brookes fell from weakness.

28. This was a very game round on the part of Brookes, who stood and countered with good effect, and met Baldock with a good rally to the ropes where they slipped, but recovered and retreated, getting his left on the chin, and fell from his own blow. Time, 1 hour.

29 to 34. Brookes in all these rounds came up bleeding from the nose and mouth to such an extent that it was impossible for his seconds to send him up clean. Baldock's left eye was in mourning and closing fast, and his nose and mouth much out of the line of beauty; yet he was as strong and resolute as a lion. Brookes in each round got on the eyes and nose in the counters, receiving heavily on the nose and mouth. In close quarters and in-fighting Brookes had the worst, and was invariably down, being either thrown or having fallen from weakness. Time, 1h 8m.

35 to 51. Baldock was the first up in all these rounds, but was met by Brookes with great determination. Right-handed deliveries were exchanged frequently on the side of the head and ribs. Baldock, by the advice of his seconds, was industrious in endeavoring to get on his right to settle the business. Brookes' tactics were to plant one for nothing with the left on the eyes, which were both showing symptoms of shutting up. Brookes tried every dodge to avoid the right, which was delivered from time to time with tremendous force. Many were avoided by ducking, and several from his jumping back, and more than one by his judicious slipping; and although Brookes was apparently the weaker man, yet he was by degrees bringing the battle to a nearer level by the left-handers he was getting on the eyes, which were gradually swelling up. Brookes was down at the conclusion of every round, but in his weak state and from the slippery ground it was impossible to say he went down to avoid. Time, 1h 33m.

52 to 58. Brookes, during these rounds, was bleeding profusely from the nose and mouth, nothing being the matter with him except weakness from the loss of blood, and the effects of the blow in the sixteenth round. Baldock's right eye was closed, and it was a certainty that he would be totally blind if Brookes could administer a few more blows either on the nose or eye. Baldock still tried to get on his right when at close quarters, but Brookes would not have it, for he either retreated from Baldock's rushes, or else slipped down. More than once when Brookes had strength, he stood foot to foot, and they both delivered hit for hit until they closed, when Brookes got down, Baldock missing two or three fine upper-cuts.

59 to 68. Brookes now tried what waiting would do towards forwarding the early closing movement, which the seconds of Baldock perceiving, advised him to go in and settle the matter off-hand, which he tried to do; but Brookes got on a little one either on the nose or on the eye, and got out of shot; and, on the novice rushing to him to settle the battle with the right, Brookes was generally down like a shot. The fighting in all these rounds was of a most determined character, and the pluck which Brookes exhibited in trying to shake off the effects of his weakness from loss of blood, was much admired. Several appeals were made in consequence of Brookes slipping and going down, but the referee, in every instance, ordered the men to "fight on."

69 to 74, and last. Brookes came up suffering from the cold shivers, but game and resolute, went close to Baldock, when good left-hand counters on the mouth and nose were exchanged, Brookes getting away cleverly. Baldock rushed after him, and getting close, Brooked slipped back just as Baldock let go a right-hander, which took effect very low, indeed, so much so, that Brookes fell on his back in great pain. An appeal was made, and a scene of confusion ensued, the upshot of which was that the referee ordered the battle to go on, he not having seen the blow delivered. In consequence of the dispute, of course, long time was allowed, notwithstanding which, Brookes could scarcely stand, when he forced his opponent, who, in the five rounds fought afterwards, made short work of Brookes by dashing at him, and fighting him down. At the conclusion of the seventy-fourth round, Brookes' seconds informed the referee that he (Brookes) was ruptured from a blow in the sixty-ninth round, and could not fight any more, and they therefore claimed the battle. The referee ordered the men to leave off fighting, and that Brookes should be examined by the stakeholder's surgeon, to decide whether or not there was any rupture. Thus ended a model fight, after the men had been in the ring 2 hours and 10 minutes.

REMARKS.

Any remarks about the present fight would be superfluous, were it not for the great contrast the contest afforded to those which have so lately taken place for large amounts. Had the ring-side been graced by the "upper ten," as on Tuesday, they would have been able to mark the day with a white stone, and a lift would have been given the P.R. that would have wiped out many a stain. As it is, those who were present were delighted, and those who did not take the trouble to attend must grieve over their lack of industry or energy. The battle, up to the sixteenth round was slightly in Brookes' favor, although he laid himself open to Baldock's right-handed visitations by using his right, when his seconds strenuously advised him only to out-fight with the left; and it was when trying to cross Baldock with the right that he received the terrific half-armed right-hander on the nose. The game and determined manner in which he struggled to face his opponent and shake off the effect of the blow will not be effaced from the minds of the spectators for some time, and Brookes has added another leaf to his well-earned laurels.

In the advent of young Baldock the ring has received a member who will at some future time be heard of with *eclat*. Never was there a novice who conducted himself with greater coolness or discretion, or with less of the sparring "school." All his blows were delivered with great force and precision, and when he has learned to stand rather closer, he will no doubt prove a tough customer to any 9st 5lb man who meets him. He was decidedly fighting under his weight on this occasion, and therefore the fine condition and freshness he displayed when stripped for the contest, reflects the greatest credit on Dick Lewis, his trainer, as well as on the salubrity of the air at Garrett-lane. Jack Brookes has also, by this last performance, made himself a host of friends. The ground was very slippery from the recent rains, which, no doubt, was the cause of Brookes being down so frequently, his manner of retreating and ducking assisting to make him slip; and it was during these tumbles that he was hurt by Baldock's spikes, but which mishaps were quite unintentional on the part of Baldock. The ring was kept in the most orderly manner, and beyond a few "appeals," the affair was *couleur de rose*. A meeting was held according to appointment at the stakeholder's on April 11th, when both sides of the question were heard. After mature consideration, he decided that Baldock was entitled to the money. Brookes is lying ill, but it is hoped that a few days' rest will again place him on his legs.

DAN THOMAS AND JOE NOLAN.—THE LATE ENCOUNTER FOR THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP AND £400.—On Friday, April 11th, both men and their friends met at the stakeholder's, according to the appointment made on Wednesday, and some conflicting evidence was put an end to by the stakeholder stating that he had no authority until the current week was out, and as the referee totally ignored his position after the first day (when he gave up his responsibility), all he (the referee) could do was to call a meeting on Friday next, to prove who was in fault about the police authorities being present. The reason the stakeholder took the view he did of the matter, was from the fact of Thomas' party stating that Nolan's friends sent for the police. Should the fact be proved at the meeting, the matter must be settled in favor of Thomas; but, on the other hand, another meeting is imperative, and at no distant date.

PATSY READON AND BOB TRAVERS are matched at 10st 2lb; articles were drawn up at Alec Keene's and £5 a side is already staked.

AQUATICS.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

On Wednesday, April 12, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge disputed supremacy upon the Thames for the nineteenth anniversary, and from the general interest taken in the contest, it is apparent that the race for the "blue riband of the river" has become one of the most important items of the sporting season. Putney and Mortlake, like Epsom and Ascot, have their annual gala days, and on the present occasion nothing was wanting which could impart attractiveness to the occasion. The morning, though cold, was clear and sunshiny, and the sudden improvement in the weather had the effect of swelling the number of visitors at Putney and Mortlake, the starting and finishing points of the encounter. At Putney, partisanship was most strongly manifested—bright-eyed girls, with blue ribands, beaming from balconies and windows, while even in many instances pet poodles and terriers were decorated with the colors of the universities! The bridge was crowded up to within an hour of the time appointed for the start to take place, and the toll-gate keepers seemed as busy as the men at Kennington Gate on a Derby day, receiving toll from broughams, equestrians, and hansoms. Near the Star and Garter, the shore was crowded, and a large flotilla of steamers were rapidly filling from small boats, which plied backwards and forwards with passengers. At this point, the betting element seemed to have congregated, £60 to £40 being laid on Oxford, and £50 to £40 in separate bets in a few instances, although among the general public the wagering was about level, Oxford for choice. Spectators on the banks were somewhat harassed by the galloping of horsemen, and the equally reckless riding of "pretty horse-breakers," who had evidently availed themselves of so rare an opportunity for trotting out their charms. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the spectacle at Putney. The sun shone broadly over the whole river, and the large number of steam vessels were "standing by" and loading, while tiny craft with clean sails, and many of the boats of the various London clubs glided smoothly between the heavier vessels. Oxford was first out, and as they took the water they were greeted with tremendous cheering from the shore and steamers. They were shortly followed by the "light blues," who were also welcomed with a volley of hearty cheers, the competitors looking, as a body, the perfection of health and condition. And here it may not be out of place to mention the kind of training which the crews undergo.

"The training of university oarsmen consists of early hours, running, rowing, and a temparate use of the most nourishing food and drink. The same treatment cannot be prescribed to all constitutions, but the following seems to be about an average specimen of the way in which the month preceding the match is spent. All meet at seven, A. M., and run a couple of miles—at first gently, afterwards at a sharp burst; this is essential, as it is the only improver of the wind. After a tub and rub, they breakfast together in turn at one another's rooms, and have broiled steaks and chops, bread and butter, water cresses, and tea in moderation. A little reading fills up the morning capitally, and keeps the mind quietly occupied; indeed, high classical attainments and good rowing often go hand in hand, and each university is able to point to many distinguished 'double firsts.' At 12:30 a biscuit and a glass of wine, and at 2, P. M., down to the river to row the course. This over, they have a comfortable wash, and then dine together upon beef or mutton sufficiently roasted, broiled, or boiled, wholesome vegetables, plain jelly, water cresses, lettuces, and a pint of sound home-brewed ale. Pork, veal, salted meats, made dishes, pastry, cheese, condiments, and smoking are forbidden. Those who are used to wine are allowed a glass or two after dinner. All ought to be in bed shortly after ten o'clock; and, for those with whom it agrees, the best thing to take as supper is a basin of carefully-made plain oat meal water gruel. But training is very ticklish work with many men; they are apt to get feverish, and nearly the same round of food day after day often palls. Again, about ten days after the system has been begun, a period of depression sometimes occurs; this, however, is a turning point, and once passed, the patients feel brighter and harder. The mentor and coxswain strive to keep the crew cheerful and good-tempered one with another, free from all sensations of staleness and overtraining. If the cast of character includes a good low comedy man, so much the better." The crews paddled gently down to the aqueduct—the starting point—the Oxford having the Middlesex side. Each having been steadied at the buttresses by men stationed in the usual small boats, Mr. Searle, the starter, gave the word to prepare, and fresh shouts arose as the Oxford were immediate y seen to peel off their blue jackets, and the Cambridge immediately afterwards appeared in their white guernseys, and the starter having given the "one, two, three," the boats dashed off amid enthusiastic cheering and excitement. The racing along the banks in pursuit, and the general motion of the steam vessels added to the general effect of the panorama. Subjoined are the weights of the crews, as near as can be computed:—

OXFORD CREW.	st	lb
1 W. B. Woodgate, B. N. C	11	5
2 C. S. Wynne, Ch. Ch	11	3
3 W. B. Jacobson, Ch. Ch	12	3½
4 R. E. L. Burton, Ch. Ch	12	4
5 R. Morrison, Balliol	12	7
6 A. R. Poole, Trinity	12	3
7 C. R. Carr, Wadham	11	2
8 W. M. Hoare, Exeter	11	1
F. E. Hopwood, Ch. Ch. (cox)	7	3
CAMBRIDGE CREW.	st	lb
1 P. F. Gorst, St. John's	10	2
2 J. G. Chambers, Trinity	11	6
3 E. Sanderson, Corpus	10	9
4 W. C. Smyly, Trinity	11	3
5 R. P. Fitzgerald, Trinity Hall	11	5
6 H. H. Collings, Trinity	11	1
7 J. C. Buchanan, Trinity	10	12
8 G. H. Richards, Trinity	10	5
F. H. Archer, Corpus (cox)	5	3

THE RACE.

The start took place at nine minutes forty seconds past twelve o'clock. Oxford were the first to take their stroke, and immediately showed in front by a few feet, which was equalised in the next few strokes by the Cambridge crew getting their boat the quicker under way, but on No. 7, in the Cambridge boat missing his water, they again assumed their original position. Opposite the Star and Garter, Oxford had a decided lead of a third of their boat, which was increased to half a length at the London Boat-house, where Cambridge steered outside a barge, and by so doing lost way considerably. Nearing the point, Oxford put on a spurt, and drew themselves clear, and despite all the game and determined efforts of Cambridge, were leading by a length at Craven Cottage, where Cambridge again put on a spurt, but without avail, for Oxford again answered the coxswain, and with their dashing stroke, increased their lead to a couple of lengths at the Dung-wharf, where they crossed over, and the Crab Tree was passed by the Oxford leading by three lengths, which was maintained past the Soap works, and through Hammersmith Bridge, which was reached by the Dark Blue in 10 min. 25 sec. No change took place past Hammersmith and Chiswick Ait, which was passed in 16 min. 33 sec. In the passage through Corney Reach, Oxford were rowing beautifully, forty strokes and a half being pulled in one minute to forty of the Cambridge. After passing Barnes Bridge, accomplished in 20 min. 20 sec., the Oxford eased up a trifle, until within a hundred yards of the finish, when they dashed their boat past the winning flag, the victors by twenty-seven strokes, or forty seconds in time, and about six lengths in distance. The full distance was accomplished by the winners in *twenty-three minutes twenty-seven seconds*, and by Cambridge in *twenty-four minutes seven seconds*. Thus for two years in succession have the Dark Blue achieved an easy victory over the sister University. The race was umpired by Mr. J. W. Chitty; Mr. Searle, fulfilled the office of starter. The Thames Subscription Club, the Hon. George Denman, Q. C., M. P., in the chair, gave a grand dinner in the evening at Willis' Rooms, at which the Oxford and Cambridge crews were present.

SEEING THE ELEPHANT.—The following circumstance is related as having occurred in Kentucky. It seems that on a certain day, a menagerie was expected in the city, and the people were naturally on the alert for the approaching sights—an interest in which the sequel shows, his Honor, the Judge, keenly participated, notwithstanding the Court was held on that day, though not exactly as usual. In the progress of the morning's business, a case of continuance arose, which the Judge was not at all inclined to favor. The lawyer in charge having urged his plea with all the ingenuity and ability at his command, was at length in the act of yielding the point in despair, when a brother lawyer, especially up to snuff, rose and whispered into his ear that the menagerie had arrived and the elephant would swim the river! Brightening with hope, the witty lawyer at once drew himself up deferentially, and, addressing the Court, said:—

"May it please your Honor, I have this moment learned that the Great American Menagerie has reached the city, and the elephant will immediately swim the river! The people, I am informed, are already upon the banks to witness this extraordinary feat."

The hit was palpable. His Honor's stern countenance at once relaxed into the most genial complacency, and in a generous excitement he remarked:—"Gentlemen, I grant this continuance and adjourn the Court. I never saw an elephant swim a river, and I am an old man—it isn't likely I'll ever have a better opportunity. The Court's adjourned!"

The last thing seen of the Court, it was making for the river at a speed never contemplated by the Life Insurance Company. Verily, there is no resisting the elephant.

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